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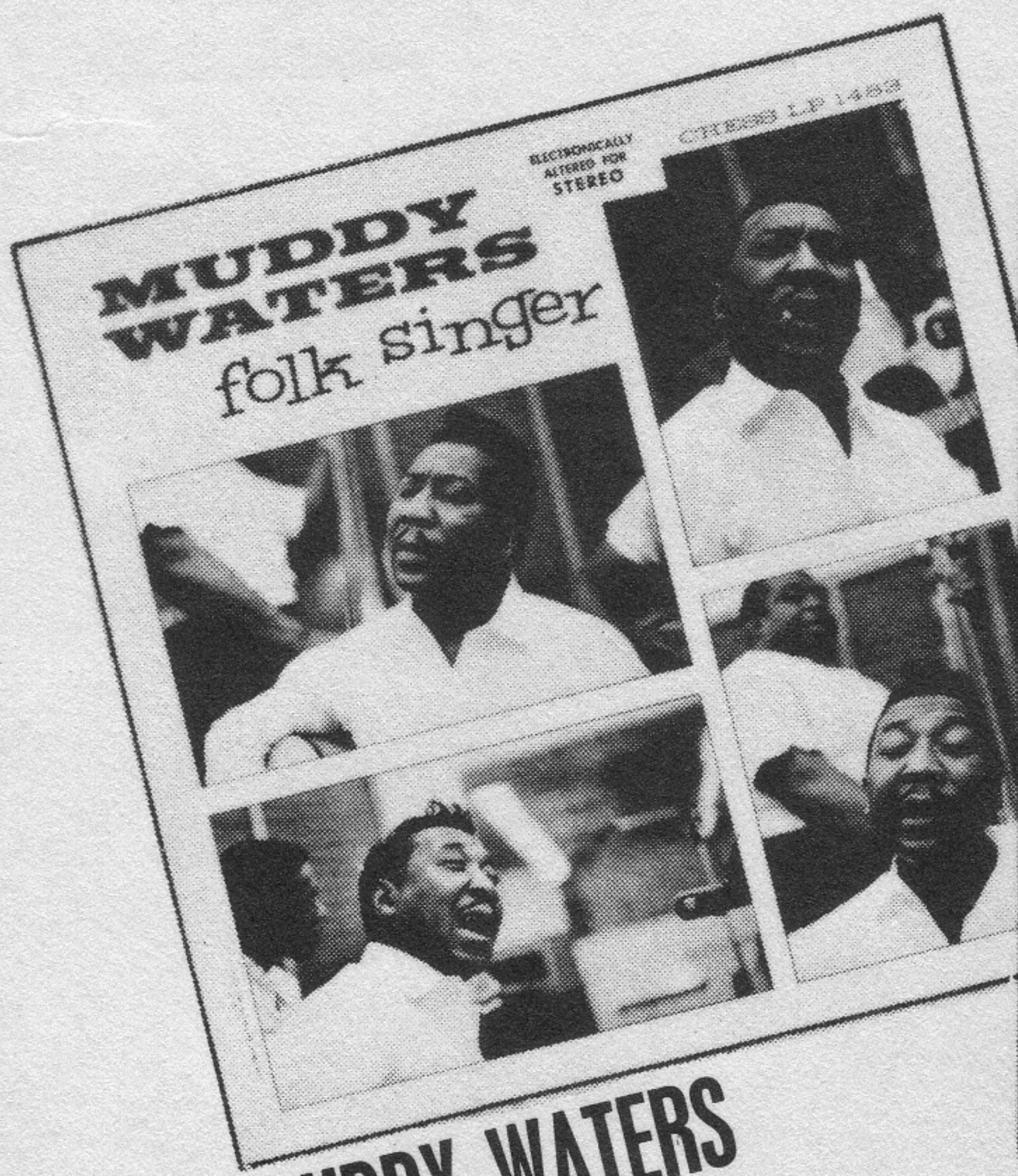


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**IMPORT
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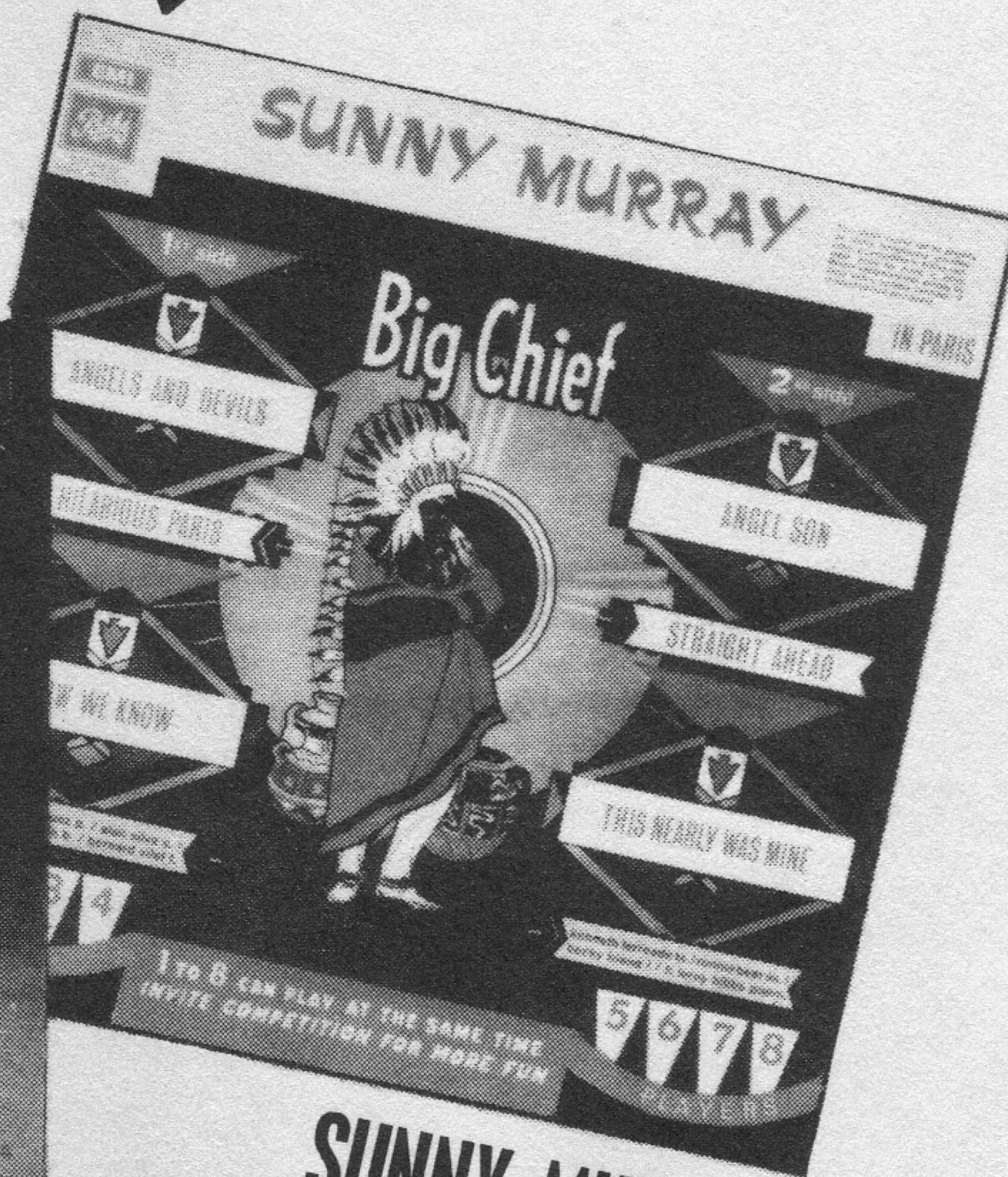
**JAZZ!
& BLUES!**



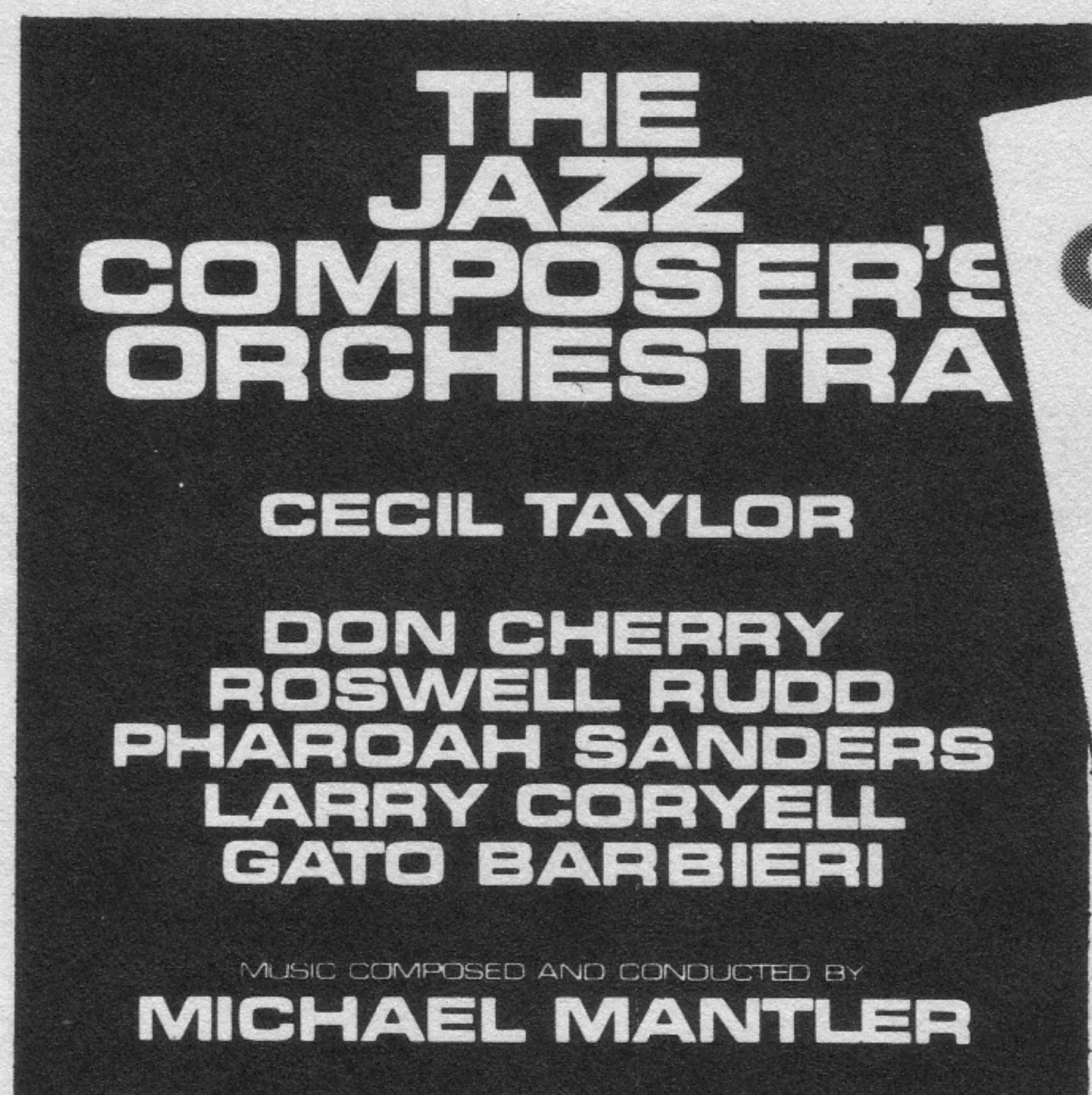
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CHESS LP 1483



BUD FREEMAN · EDDIE MILLER
'Top Tenors'
REGAL REG 2074

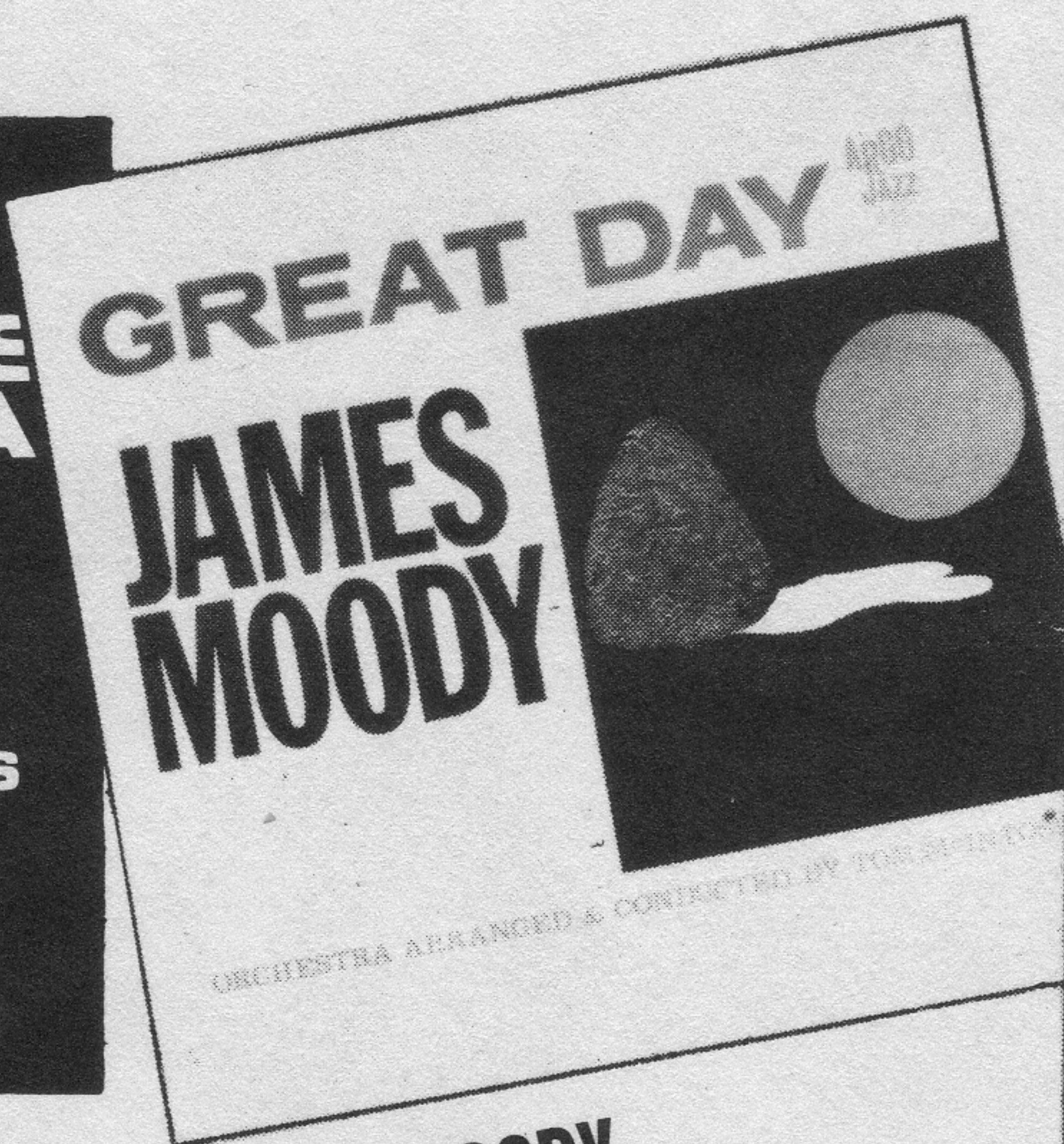


SUNNY MURRAY
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PATHÉ 2C 062 10096



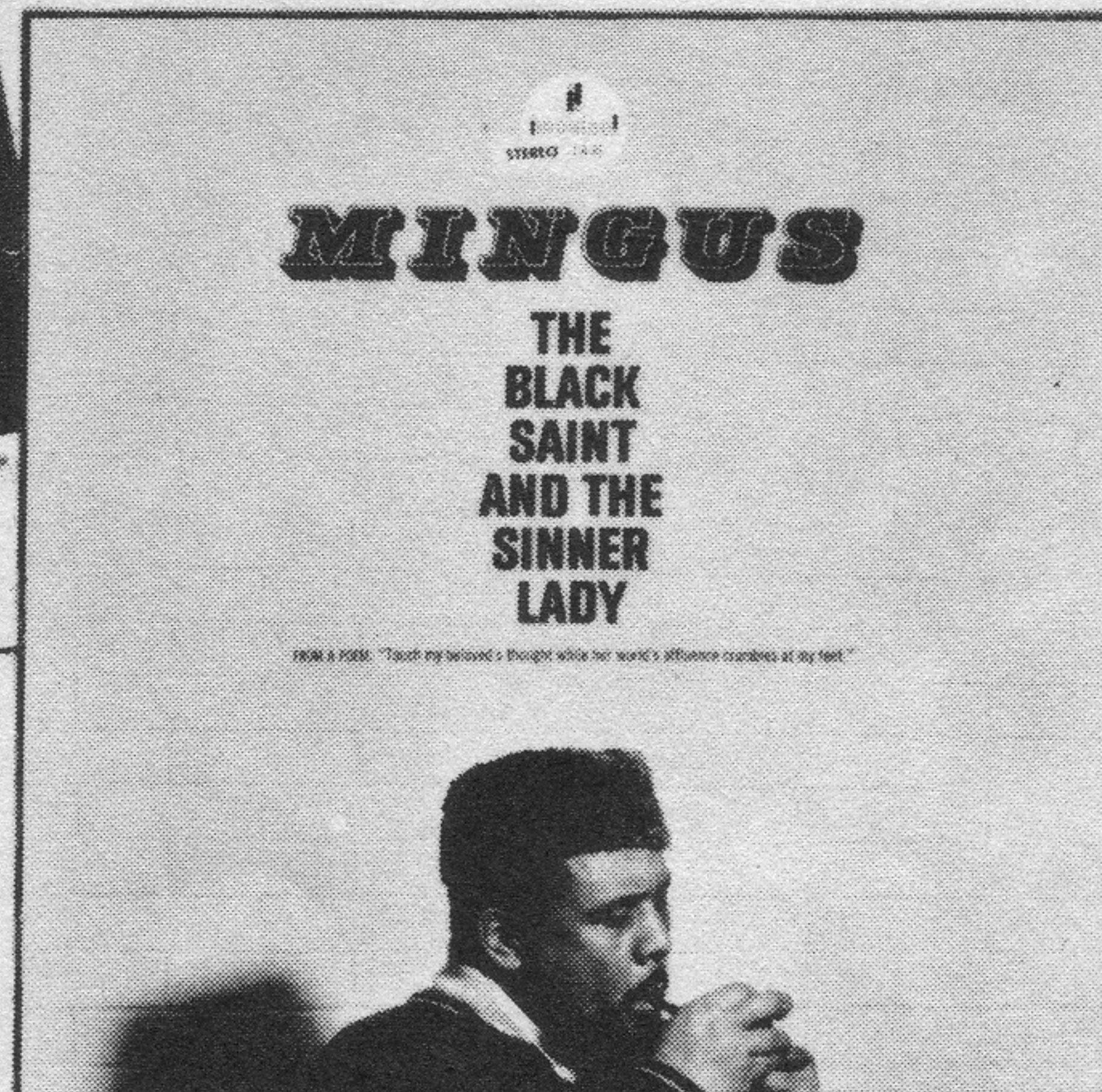
**THE JAZZ COMPOSER'S
ORCHESTRA**

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ROSWELL RUDD · PHAROAH
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RECORD REVIEWS

NAT ADDERLEY

CALLING OUT LOUD:

Nat Adderley (cnt); Paul Ingraham (fr-h); Seldon Powell, Jerome Richardson (sax); Hubert Laws (fl, picc); Don MacCourt (bsn); George Marge (clt, eng-h, sax); Romeo Penque (bs-clt); Zoe Zawinul (el-p); Ron Carter (bs); Leo Morris (d); Bill Fischer (arr, cond)

New York City — November 19 and 21, 1968

Haifa :: St.M :: Grey moss :: Nobody knows :: Comin' out the shadows :: Ivan's holiday :: Calling out loud

Jerry Dodgion, Richard Henderson, Danny Bank (sax) added
New York City — December 4, 1968

Biafra

A & M AMLS 947 (37/5d.)

WHAT A curiously attractive record this is. A comparison with the Miles Davis-Gil Evans

collaborations is perhaps inevitable, but to my mind unfair, as I doubt that either Adderley or Bill Fischer made any conscious attempt to imitate *Sketches of Spain*, etc. It's just that Davis and Evans broke such new ground in this field that anyone coming after them almost *has* to follow the path they laid in some respects. Like many so-called extended jazz "compositions" it turns out to be little more than somewhat typical pieces linked together with moody semi-classical phrases. Once into the individual numbers Adderley, and occasionally Joe Zawinul, solo in the usual fashion, with simple and light backing from the ensemble. Adderley is good, apart from when he attempts to be fashionable (there are a few pointless ugly runs in his solos) but Zawinul's electric piano hasn't much impact as a solo instrument.

The better parts of the LP tend to intrigue and I found myself looking forward to them after the third or fourth time. *Biafra* has a fine introduction and coda, and *Haifa* and *Grey Moss* some delicate scoring. *Ivan's holiday* almost qualifies for the "cute" label and would, I suspect, make a popular single. I did find the now almost obligatory rock rhythms on *Comin' out the shadows* a bit trying, but the track is saved by Adderley's warm-toned statement of the theme.

Not an important record but certainly a pleasant one. Adderley seems happier in this kind of setting where he has a framework to fit into.

JIM BURNS

ALBERT AYLER

NEW GRASS:

Albert Ayler (ten); Bill Folwell (el-bs)

New York City — September 5 and 6, 1968

New Grass

add Cal Cobbs (p); Pretty Purdie (d). Ayler (ten; vcl-1, whistling -2)

same date

New ghosts -1 :: Sun watcher -2

Burt Collins, Joe Newman (tpt), Garnett Brown (tbn); Seldon Powell (ten); Buddy Lucas (bar); Rose Marie McCoy, Mary Perks (vcl -3); Bert DeCoteaux (cond, arr); Cobbs plays organ, electric harpsichord; Ayler (ten, vcl-1, monologue -4)

same date

Message from Albert -4 :: New generation -1,3 :: Heart love -1,3 :: Everybody's movin' -1,3 :: Free at last -1,3

Impulse SIPL (MIPL) 519 (37/5d.)

WELL HERE'S a thing. I guess that faced with a rock-and-roll album from a notable avant-

garde musician one looks first for some kind of outside pressure: there seems to be none. Ayler wrote the material, sings, plays,

talks and whistles, and in general shows every sign of having a good time. So then one looks for musical justification; if a man has his musical freedom he should be just as free to do something like this as something more sophisticated, and certainly in the past Ayler has made use of various Afro-American idioms in his music, the most notable I suppose being the New Orleans marching band bit, and more recently he's used a lyrical method owing a fair amount to Johnny Hodges, but these folk-memories have in the past been considerably altered from their origins to fit an overall musical conception, while here the material hasn't been subject to the same transformation. Rather the reverse: Ayler's playing has been grafted onto a straight pastiche of the soul style, and though often the playing itself is good — Purdie's drumming is particularly finely detailed and very accomplished in its way — the end result shows an uneasy mixture rather than any enriching of or development within the area of music that Ayler has in the past marked out for himself. Even so, it has its moments; some good, some heart-stoppingly bad. The best things come when there's less people about, on the bass and tenor duet of *New Grass*, or on *Sun watcher*, both of whom offer new chances to study Ayler's phenomenal high-register technique. But in general his thinking gets trapped in the beat and his playing hasn't the fluency and logic of his best work. So in the end, while it's nice to see the local Impulse boys finally letting some of Ayler's work into the shops, one wonders why they chose this one and bypassed the Village Gate performances or the fascinating *Love cry* album available to them.

JACK COOKE

ART BLAKEY

DRUM THUNDER:

Donald Byrd (tpt); John Coltrane (ten); Walter Bishop (p); Wendell Marshall (bs); Art Blakey (d)

New York City — December 1957

Tippin' :: Pristine

add Idrees Sulieman, Bill Hardman, Ray Copeland (tpt); Melba Liston, Frank Rehack, Jimmy Cleveland (tbn); Bill Graham, Sahib Shihab (alt); Al Cohn (ten); Bill Slapin (bar)

same date

Midriff :: Ain't life grand :: El toro valiente :: Kiss of no return :: Late date :: The outer world

Polydor Special 545 101 (25/-)

I REMEMBER being more impressed with this album first time round (as Parlophone PMC1099)

than I am now. I suppose the idea of putting Blakey in with a big band seemed a good one at the time, though it was by then pretty obvious that his important work had been and would be done with small groups. In the event his playing is remarkably self-effacing; his cymbal beat pushes the band along effortlessly, and now and again he rocks the ensemble with a well timed explosion, but really — by his own standards — he's rather inhibited here. The band itself is inevitably under-rehearsed; however, they pitch in with some enthusiasm. The writing is not over-imaginative, being mainly neo-Basie rising to occasional Gillespie-ish flourishes and descending now and then to palais-band stock level. Solos are good though, particularly from the trumpets, and Coltrane is on good form throughout. The quintet tracks besides Trane's work, have some poised and forthright work from Donald Byrd.

JACK COOKE

BIG BILL BROONZY

BLACK, BROWN AND WHITE:

Big Bill Broonzy (vcl, g)

Club Montmartre, Copenhagen — May 4, 1965

I'm goin' down the road :: This train :: Bill Bailey won't you please come home :: A shanty in old shanty town :: Hey, Bub blues :: The Crawdad song :: The blue-tail fly :: Black, brown and white :: Guitar blues-1 :: Goodnight Irene

-1 no vocal on this track

Storyville Special M 616.008 (25/-)

BETWEEN HIS first London visit and his last recording session Big Bill Broonzy recorded

Bill Bailey on at least seven different sessions and *This train* on quite five. The number of times he must have played them in those energetic years at the close of his life are uncountable, and the score can be marked up similarly on most of the titles here. So there's no surprises, while the high proportion of popular tunes and non-blues items must confirm the doubts of younger collectors who never heard him but who have heard derogatory stories about his playing up to the white folks. There is a half-truth in this, for Bill was an entertainer who loved applause and the admiration of young European audiences. All the same, what a consummate artist he was. His timing and gentle humour comes over beautifully on *Hey Bub*, his lilting guitar transforms *Shanty in Old Shanty Town*. How masterly his playing was, can be gleaned from the short instrumental *Guitar blues* and the quality of his singing is apparent on every other track. But if it's Big Bill Broonzy the blues singer that you want then spend a bit more and get the Yazoo collection L1011. Or, if cash is short there's the CBS Realm jazz issue. From these one can turn to "Black, Brown and White" with more sympathetic understanding.

PAUL OLIVER

CHARLIE BYRD

BLUES FOR NIGHT PEOPLE:

Charlie Byrd (g); Keeter Betts (bs); Gus Johnson (td)

New York City — Summer, 1957

Jive at five :: 4 o'clock funk :: First show :: 2.00 a.m. :: Blues my naughty sweetie taught me :: Blue prelude :: This can't be love

CBS Realm M 52150 (25/11d.)

THOUGH MORE than twelve years old, this is one of Charlie Byrd's best records. I expect readers are as tired as I am of the argument whether Byrd plays jazz or not; as far as I am concerned he is one of the relatively few good jazz guitarists playing to-day. I admit that some of his records are trivial: mere exploitations of the commercial success he achieved in the early 'sixties; I do not blame him at all. Anyway this one was recorded well before then and illustrates his great virtue as a jazzman: his relative independence of both Charlie Christian and Django Reinhardt as influences. He has clearly drawn from musicians such as Eddie Lang, Al Casey and Teddy Bunn, as well as from the 'classical' Flamenco guitar for which he is famous (or infamous). *First show* is a magnificent blues in that hybrid idiom and *Blues my naughty sweetie taught me* receives a delightful melodic treatment. *This can't be love* swings gently and *Blue prelude* develops well from a stagey opening, particularly when Byrd takes over from Betts's bass. The one thing I have against this record is its lack of variety: even Byrd's trio cannot sustain interest for a whole LP. *2.00 a.m.* tends to meander on and on and *Jive at five* is rather heavy-footed in places. There are good reasons for reviving the 10 inch and 7 inch LPs now that the EP is disappearing.

JOHN POSTGATE

RAY CHARLES

WHAT'D I SAY:

Ray Charles (p, vcl); with unknown tpt; saxes; bs; d

New York City — September 11, 1952

A891 *Roll with my baby*

A893 *Jumpin' in the mornin'*

Joe Bridgewater, John Hunt (tpt); Dave Newman (alt, ten); Emmett Dennis (bar); Ray Charles (p, vcl); Roosevelt Sheffield (bs);

William Peeples (d)

New York City — November 27, 1956

A2234 *Rockhouse, Part 1*

A2235 *Rockhouse, Part 2*

Ricky Harper (tpt); Edgar Willis (bs) replace Hunt and Sheffield; Raylettes-1, Mary Ann Fisher-2 (vcl)

New York City — May 26-28, 1957

A2707 *That's enough-1*

A2709 *What kind of man are you-2*

Marcus Belgrave, Lee Harper (tpt); Dave Newman (alt, ten); Emmett Dennis (bar); Ray Charles (p, vcl); Edgar Willis (bs); Richie Goldberg (d); Raylettes (vcl group-1)

New York City — February 17 or 20, 1958

A2970 *You be my baby-1*

A2971 *Tell all the world about you-1*

A2972 *My bonnie-1*

including Dave Newman (ten); Ray Charles (org, vcl); unknown bs; d; Raylettes (vcl group-1)

New York City — October 28, 1958

A3196 *Tell me how do you feel-1*

including Dave Newman (ten); Bennie Crawford (bar); Ray Charles (p, vcl); Edgar Willis (bs); Milton Turner (d); Raylettes (vcl group-1)

New York City — February 18, 1959

A3263 *What'd I say, Part 1-1*

A3264 *What'd I say, Part 2-1*

Atlantic 587 161 (37/6d.)

WHAT'D I SAY is a great Ray Charles number and I really like it — which isn't to suggest that

I don't get tired of it. I do, after what seems to have been numerous reissues. It has a genuine party atmosphere in the way that "hokum" records of the 'twenties, though studio performances obviously, still caught the feeling of an informal "struggle". Almost as good, or better, if you're in the appropriate mood, is *Rockhouse*, which features Charles' piano and on which the orchestra has relatively little to do. The pattern of his numbers becomes stereotyped as one hears many of them — the piano or rhythm introduction, the strained vocal, the Raylettes coming in with riffing vocal and the full orchestral treatment at the close. But this is a selection of hit items and included are several that break with routine somewhat: *Jumpin'* for instance with its undoubted Joe Turner borrowings, or *Roll with my baby* which omits the band until the last chorus or so. *My bonnie* is a surprising version of the old song but on its own terms rather appealing. Though Ray Charles has had his influence on blues I don't think of him as a bluesman. As a representative album this goes easily enough in a collection — and there's Dave Newman to listen to on a couple of tracks.

PAUL OLIVER

CHICAGO SESSIONS, VOL 1. (1935-1941)

LOUISIANA JOHNNY (vcl, g); unknown (bs)

Chicago — January 8, 1935

C-874-1 *Cherry Hill blues*

C-875-1 *Razor cuttin' man*

CHARLIE SPAND (vcl, p); poss. Big Bill Broonzy (g)

Chicago — June 20, 1940

WC-3153-1 *Soon this morning No.2*

Chicago — June 27, 1940

WC-3175-A *Gone Mother blues*

ALFRED FIELDS (vcl); possibly Joshua Altheimer (p); Big Bill Broonzy (g); Washboard Sam (wbd)

Chicago — July 7, 1939

WC-2644-A *Money green*

WC-2645-A *Mighty blue*

WC-2652-A *Spongy baby*

WC-2653-A *Step pepper stepper*

FRANK EDWARDS (vcl, hca); unknown g; bs; wbd

Chicago — May 28, 1941

C-3807-1 *Sweet man blues*

C-3808-1 *Three woman blues*

PETER CLEIGHTON (vcl); Blind John Davis (p); unknown g

Chicago — July 1, 1941

C-3893-1 *Roamin' gambler*

- C-3894-1 *Slick man blues*
 C-3896-1 *Something going on wrong*
 Chicago — August 19, 1941
 C-3972-1 *Confessin' the blues*
 PERRY WESTON (vcl) unknown p; g
 Chicago — September 2, 1937
 C-1994-1 *Border blues*
 C-1995-2 *Night time is the right time*

Kokomo @ K-1005 (46/-)

BEARING IN MIND the profusion of recordings made in Chicago during the 'thirties it is sur-

prising how few have been re-issued, at any rate as collections. This particularly applies to the Chicago-based singers as distinct from those who were brought to Chicago from the south. Particularly welcome therefore, this collection introduces some little-known singers. Louisiana Johnny, who as far as I can ascertain, was the composer of the standard recitative *Policy blues* theme, is an extremely interesting singer lyrically. Both these blues are evidence of this, though the accompaniments are rather thinly recorded. This is not the case with Charlie Spand, whose piano on his classic *Soon this morning* is quite superb. *Gone Mother*, though a more standard blues, is pretty fine with a heavy, solid solo passage. A typical Big Bill group sound works behind Alfred Fields with Broonzy himself in good form, filling out Fields's somewhat strained voice. The real bonus here is Altheimer whose piano is very well recorded. Frank Edwards is a tough singer and harp-player who was recorded in the post-war period and who would be well worth seeking; I like *Sweet man* very much indeed. I seem to be emphasising the cross-cultural influences this month, but in spite of a poor surface Peter Cleighton's *Roaming gambler* is none other than the old Virginia ballad, updated. His voice isn't to everyone's taste today, though nearly thirty years ago he was very popular and a strong influence on Sunnyland Slim. Perry Weston is not a remarkable singer but his words are interesting and the group plays some strong blues, again in the Broonzy accompaniment pattern, with a piano like Big Maceo. Don't expect flawless surfaces on these records, but if you ignore the hisses, there's much that is of interest here.

PAUL OLIVER

JOHN COLTRANE

ON WEST 42nd STREET

Wilbur Harden (fl-h); John Coltrane (ten); Tommy Flanagan (p); Doug Watkins (bs); Louis Hayes (d)

Hackensack, N.J. — March 13, 1958

Wells Fargo :: West 42nd Street :: E.F.P.H. :: Snuffy :: Rhodomagnetics

CBS Realm @ 52157 (25/11d.)

THIS SESSION, originally recorded for the Savoy label under Wilbur Harden's name, has of course

been available before on Realm, but it has now been revived in the new CBS series.

It is a fascinating record, notably because of the way in which it has captured Coltrane at a transitional stage in his development. He was moving away from his mid-1950s style (virile but hardly going beyond what many other modern tenormen were doing) and towards the fierce and urgent music which was to prove so dynamic and influential in the early-1960s.

Listening to the disc now one is struck by the contrast afforded by Wilbur Harden's warm, melodic style, and Tommy Flanagan's elegant piano solos. Coltrane may still have been relatively formal in his manner of constructing a solo (his demands on the rhythm section are mostly unexceptional) but there is, I think a vast emotional difference between him and the other musicians. One can feel that Coltrane is searching for something new, whereas Harden and Flanagan, good as they may be, are merely functioning in a fashion already prepared for them by past jazzmen.

I have to admit that I'm not a devotee of later Coltrane and my own feeling is that he was at his best prior to 1960. Avid fans of his music will no doubt have this LP, but newer collectors are referred to it, not only because it is illustrative of a major jazzman during an important stage in his career, but also because it happens to contain superior "blowing session" jazz.

The sleeve notes refer to the recording session as having taken

place in 1957, but Jorgen Grunnet Jepsen's Coltrane discography in the 1968 *Down Beat Yearbook* gives it as March 13, 1958.

JIM BURNS

THE ATLANTIC YEARS, VOL.2 — GIANT STEPS:

John Coltrane (ten); Tommy Flanagan (p); Paul Chambers (bs); Art Taylor (d)

New York City — May 4 and 5, 1959

Giant steps :: Cousin Mary :: Countdown :: Spiral :: Syeeda's song flute :: Mr. P.C.

Wynton Kelly (p); Jimmy Cobb (d) replace Flanagan and Taylor
 New York City — December 2, 1959

Naima

Atlantic 588 168 (37/6d.)

THIS IS ONE of the half-dozen records essential to any appreciation of Coltrane's music.

It dates from a time when Trane had begun consciously to shape his work, to give it light and shade; there was still the full fury available when necessary, as on *Spiral*, but he could pull back to a sustained design of phrase shapes at this time, as on *Cousin Mary*, or a harsh, spare lyricism, as on *Naima*. It was a time when he was writing more and more — all the themes here are his — and exerting an absolute authority over his style, material and men: for this is no blowing date. Trane is more than a nominal leader here. At this point the style, form, and the surroundings of his methods of expression reached some sort of perfection, though given the principles behind these methods, about which I hope to write more in the near future, it could only be a temporary perfection. However, it was documented for us by Atlantic, and after Trane's work had evolved further we still had this monument of his earlier period: now he's dead it's become maybe even more important. It's a marvellous reissue, and anyone who doesn't yet know of it is really missing something.

JACK COOKE

PAUL DESMOND

SUMMERTIME:

Burt Collins, Joe Shepley, Marvin Stamm (tpt, fl-h); Paul Faulise, Urbie Green, J.J. Johnson, Bill Watrous, Kai Winding (tbn); Ray Alonge, Jimmy Buffington (fr-h); Paul Desmond (alt); Mike Manieri (vib); Herbie Hancock (p); Jay Berliner (g); Ron Carter (bs); Leo Morris (d); Jack Jennings, Airtio Moreira (perc)

New York City — October 10, 1968

Where is love :: Summertime

add John Eckert (tpt, fl-h); and Tony Miranda (fr-h); Wayne Andre (tbn); replaces Johnson; omit Manieri, Berliner, Jennings and Moreira

New York City — October 16, 1968

Emily :: North by Northeast

New York City — October 24, 1968

Olvidar :: Someday my prince will come

As October 10, but omit Watrous and Morris; Moreira plays drums
 New York City — November 5, 1968

Lady in cement

John Eckert, Joe Shepley, Marvin Stamm (tpt, fl-h); Wayne Andre, Paul Faulise, Bill Watrous, Kai Winding (tbn); Ray Alonge Tony Miranda (fr-h); Paul Desmond (alt); Herbie Hancock (p); Joe Beck (g); Ron Carter (bs); Airtio Moreira (d)

New York City — November 20, 1968

Samba with some barbecue

Burt Collins, Joe Shepley (tpt, fl-h); George Marge (fl, oboe); Bob Tricarico (fl, bassoon); Paul Desmond (alt); Bucky Pizzarelli (g); Frank Bruno (bs); Joe Venuto (marimba); Airtio Moreira (d)

New York City — December 26, 1968

A & M Records AMLS 946 (37/5d.)

IMMACULATELY Creed Taylored, Desmond pipes his way effortlessly over Don Sebesky's simple arrangements (interesting that Sebesky often can't think how to end them). Rarely has Demons been so effete, so delicate, so cool. *Autumn leaves* dissolves into whispered nothings; *Summertime* gets the 5/4 treatment; when in doubt (which is usually), the Latin bit is brought in. Had it occurred to you that *Struttin' with some barbecue* makes a passable samba? Is not

your appetite whetted by the thought, offered in Eugene Boe's sleeve note, that Louis Armstrong might have to listen twice to recognize his song "which he wrote way back in 1941"? No? Then, Sir, you have no soul. Ah, well; neither have I. But Desmond's fans will love it, and for them I report that Desmond's alto has it alone almost all the way and is more animated than sometimes, that the recording is excellent and lasts for 38 minutes. I warn them that the lay-out of the personnels is appalling.

JOHN POSTGATE

STEPHANE GRAPELLE

LE TOIT DE PARIS:

Stephane Grapelly (vln); Raymond Fol (p); Tony Ovio (g); Jack Sewing (bs); Andre Hartmann (d)
Paris — c. 1947

Rain check :: Camelia :: I got it bad :: Andree :: What I am here for :: Taboo :: Denise :: Flamingo :: Time on my hands :: Zelda :: Anna :: Light :: So long

RCA International INTS1017 (19/11d.)

I THINK THE violin is still my most hated jazz instrument — I have not heard its nearest contender, the piano accordion, for some time and some recent issues by Stuff Smith have certainly softened me up appreciably. Perhaps that is why the opening number, *Rain check*, struck me rather favourably. There seemed to be a firmness, and astringency, about Grapelly's playing which I had not associated with him. Certainly he eschews the syrupy, tea-room style of which he is so eminently capable, and Fol's piano, on the few occasions when he has a solo, is pleasantly modern. But in all this is rather small stuff as far as readers of this magazine are concerned; it is for the nostalgics' market, not for us. For discographers I should mention that the touches of celeste on *Andree* and *So long* are probably by Fol. On its own terms this is a good record, but its terms are not mine.

JOHN POSTGATE

JOE HARRIOTT — AMANCIA D'SILVA

HUM DONO:

Joe Harriott (alt); Bryan Spring (d)
London — 1969

Spring low sweet Harriott

add Amancio D'Silva (g)
same date

Hum dono

add Dave Green (bs)
same date

N.N.N.T.

Add Norma Winstone (vcl)
same date

Ballad for Goa

add Ian Carr (fl-h)
same date

Stephano's dance :: Jaipur

Columbia SCX 6354 (37/5d.)

D'SILVA IS AN accomplished guitarist; he demonstrates a consistently good control of his instrument, and this technical fluency is never rammed down the listener's throat. His ideas go well with his subtlety and his work is neatly and often effectively understated. It's hard, on the strength of this album at least, to find much evidence of the influences from his native Indian music that are supposed to affect his work: he seems to be a straightforward jazz guitarist of the post-bop pre-feedback school, and even on such a thing as *Hum*, with its fake tabla-playing, his sung-and-played solo relates more closely to Slam Stewart than Ravi Shankar. Harriott is fluent and constructive throughout; he is by now skilled and experienced enough to put up an assured show in almost any setting, and his forthright work makes a good complement to D'Silva's playing. Carr, Green and Spring also contribute effective performances, though the exposed setting of *Spring low* shows up some of the drummer's shortcomings. Three tracks feature Norma Winstone's voice; it's a pleasantly cool sound though not entirely to my taste and seems to me to add little to the music except a

slight edge of self-consciousness. But on the whole it's a successful enough album, and an enjoyable piece of craftsmanship.

JACK COOKE

SAM "LIGHTNIN'" HOPKINS

THAT'S MY STORY/THE BLUES OF SAM LIGHTNIN' HOPKINS, VOLUME ONE:

Lightnin' Hopkins (vcl, g); John Ewing (tbn)-2; Jimmy Bond (bs); Earl Palmer (d)

Los Angeles — October 1965

Last night :: Keep movin' on -1 :: That's my story :: Dillon's store -2 :: Rain -2 :: Fugitive blues -2 :: G string blues -1 :: Grandma told Grandpa :: Goin' to Dallas
-1 no vocal on this track

Polydor Special 545 019 (25/-)

COMPARISON of this issue with the 1950 recordings of Hopkins made by Bob Shad and currently available on Ace of Hearts AHT183 reveals the extent to which Hopkins has developed in the past fifteen years. Or remained stationary I should say, for though there is a certain amount of polished ease in his playing today, the similarities are still remarkable. I must admit to a preference for the earlier recordings in spite of their relative roughness, for they were the bright and eager cuts of a man still comparatively new to the studio but with plenty to offer. And he still has material to offer; Hopkins can stand repeated exposure better than most as *Last night* or *Grandpa* indicate. The words of the latter are elementary enough but Lightnin's beautiful guitar picking invests the blues with more meaning than the mere lyrics. The group is not too obtrusive here either, but on other tracks their presence is felt, and often unnecessary. I'm thinking particularly of Palmer's abominable drumming on *G string* — a version of the old *Take me back* theme, or John Ewing's trombone. No doubt someone had in mind an Ike Rodgers type of accompaniment, but it fails to come off. Not a bad album but there's better Hopkins records around.

PAUL OLIVER

B.B. KING

HIS BEST — THE ELECTRIC B.B. KING:

B.B. King (vcl, g); Duke Jethro (org); Leo Lauchie (bs); Sonny Freeman (d)

probably Chicago — c. 1966

13432A *Don't answer the door Part 1*

13432A *Don't answer the door Part 2*

Similar personnel and date

All over again :: I don't want you cuttin' off your hair

B.B. King (vcl, g); Orchestra with arrangement by Quincy Jones probably similar personnel but p and vcl group —. From soundtrack of *For love of Ivy*

The B.B. Jones -1 :: You put it on me

B.B. King (vcl, g); acc probably Kenny Sands (tpt); Bobby Forte (ten); Duke Jethro (org); Louis Satterfield (bs); Sonny Freeman (d)

probably Chicago 1967-69

Tired of your jive :: Paying the cost to be boss :: Think it over :: I done got wise

probably similar personnel, live performance

Sweet sixteen

Stateside SSL (M SL)10284 (37/5d)

IN SPITE OF the recent recordings, disentangling the discographical details of B.B. King's performances is no easy task and the deductions made above are open to correction. They show B.B. King at his most confident and accomplished, swinging easily and playing with great facility as on *Paying the cost*. Like *I don't want you cuttin' off your hair* this is an amusing item with pithy words which are essentially of the present and hence acceptable among audiences where Negroes might otherwise resent the connotations with the blues. But B.B. King has his audiences eating out of his hand, as the command over his listeners displayed in *Sweet sixteen* indicates clearly enough. It's interesting to compare this recording with the 1960 version currently on Blue Horizon 7-63226. The presence of the audience makes him study his effects with the calculated timing of a political oratory. I didn't see *For love of Ivy* and in fact never heard of it before seeing this album (Sidney Poitier, I learn is in it). Quincy

Jones did the arranging and I can't help wondering if the Bo Diddley type accompaniment and girl chorus on *The B.B. Jones* was his idea. Generally it's strong material and more varied than some of his albums. For a cross-section on the most influential bluesman today, worth getting.

PAUL OLIVER

LOUISIANA BLUES

WELDON 'JUKE BOY' BONNER

(vcl, hc, g); Katie Webster (p); Lightnin' Mitchell (d)
Lake Charles — 1960

Let's boogie :: My time to go :: Going crazy over you :: Just got to take a ride :: Blue river rising

Juke Boy Bonner (vcl, hca, g); Little Brother Griffin (d)
Lake Charles — 1960

Call me Juke Boy :: Can't hardly keep from crying :: I'm not jiving

ASHTON SAVOY AND HIS COMBO

Ashton Savoy (vcl, g) acc Danny George (ten-1); Lazy Lester (hca);
Latie Webster (p); Lightnin' Mitchell (d)
Lake Charles — July 4, 1959

Need shorter hours :: Want to talk to you baby :: Tell me baby -1

BIG CHENIER (vcl, g) AND THE R.B. ORCH.: Robert Jackson
(p); Guitar Joe (g); Ice Water (bs); Joe Payne (d)

Lake Charles — 1957

The dog and his puppies :: Going to the city

HOP WILSON: (vcl, g); Elmore Nixon (p); Willie Jackson (hca-1);
Clarence Green (bs); Ivory Semien (d)

Houston — 1959

ACA3655 *Broke and hungry*

ACA3656 *Always be in love with you -1*

JAY (MR SUGAR BEE) STUTES (vcl-2, g); Shorty LeBlanc (vcl-1,
accordion)

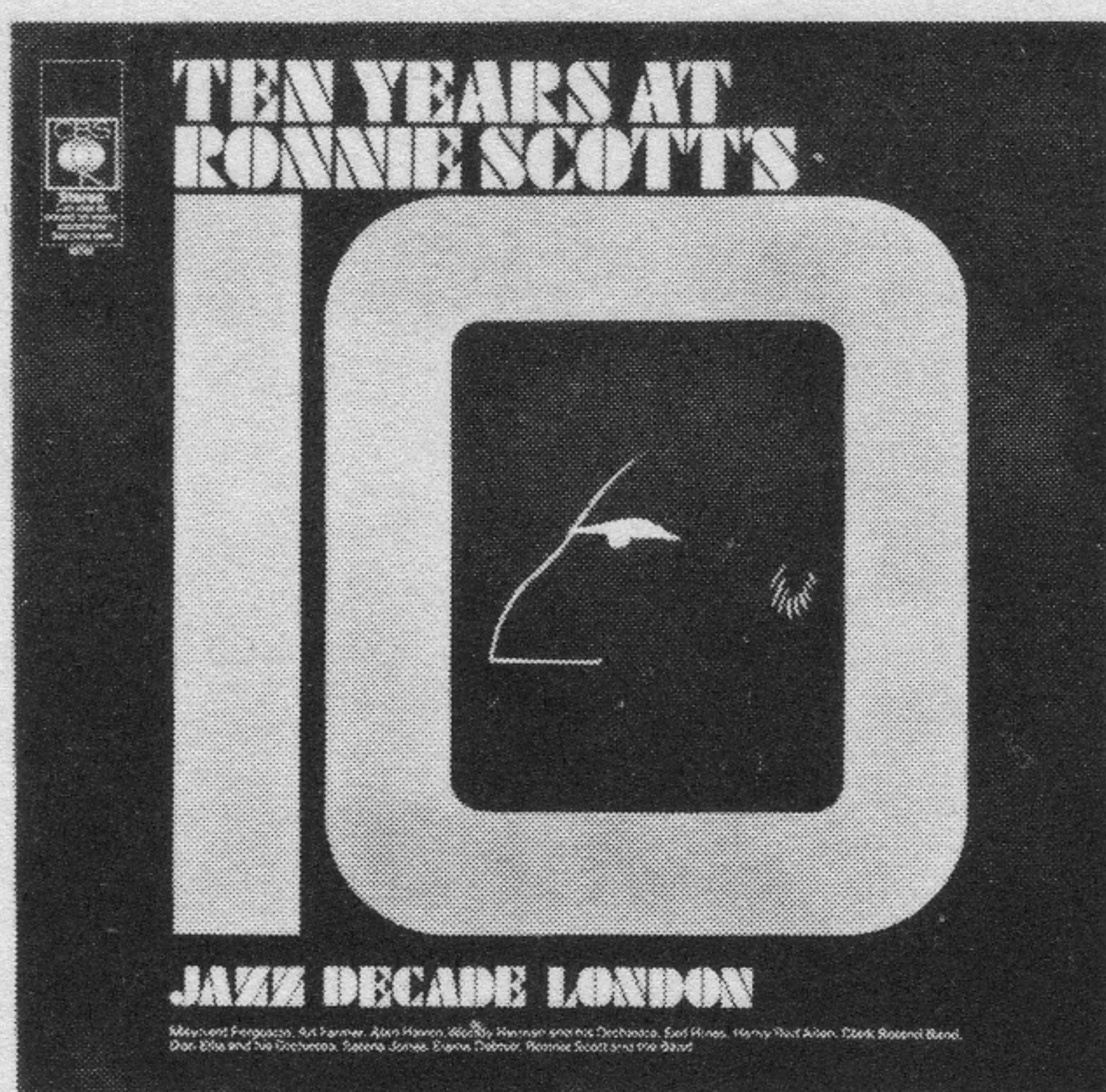
Hound dog baby-2 :: Midnight blues -1

Storyville Special M 616.005 (25/-)

IT WILL BE interesting to hear Juke Boy Bonner when he comes to England. I must admit that on record a little goes a pretty long way, but I suspect that in person he may be more impressive. Certainly he is an original bluesman in some respects, with an unusual gift for composing lyrics and verses which his recent recordings for Chris Strachwitz indicate. This aspect of his work is not particularly evident on these earlier recordings which seem to have been aimed at a local market with strong emphasis on the Louisiana down-home sound but with more than a pinch of Jimmy Reed added for flavouring. Both *Blue River rising* and *Can't hardly keep from crying* are better than average blues though, with an anguished, strained quality of sound in the vocals. As a guitarist Bonner seems to do little more than strum, but his harmonica playing is adequate if by no means outstanding. These tracks were the subject of a great deal of attention when Mike Leadbitter managed to get them issued, in most cases for the first time, on Storyville, though I feel on a longer view they have been over-rated. Much of the same sound is to be heard on the miscellany of tracks which appear on the second side of the album — Ashton Savoy for instance. Flatter, duller as a singer, he still represents the bayou sound which is filled out by Katie Webster's piano and some excellent harmonica by Lazy Lester. For me *Need shorter hours* is the most interesting track but Savoy's obvious Jimmy Reed influence and that perpetual ground bass reduces the effect. Morris Chenier's *Dog* is an odd item while *City* has more than a hint of Fats Domino in it. His voice is clear and surprisingly un-French for the uncle of Clifton Chenier. *Broke and hungry*, for all the trite theme, is applicable enough to Hop Wilson and the atmosphere of the item makes it one of the most impressive on the LP. Concluding, Jay Stutes, a white Cajun singer, puts in an attractive *Midnight blues* which sounds completely Cajun to me and I cannot agree that "his vocals and approach...are Negroid." Not that it matters — I like the track. An interesting rather than an essential LP.

PAUL OLIVER

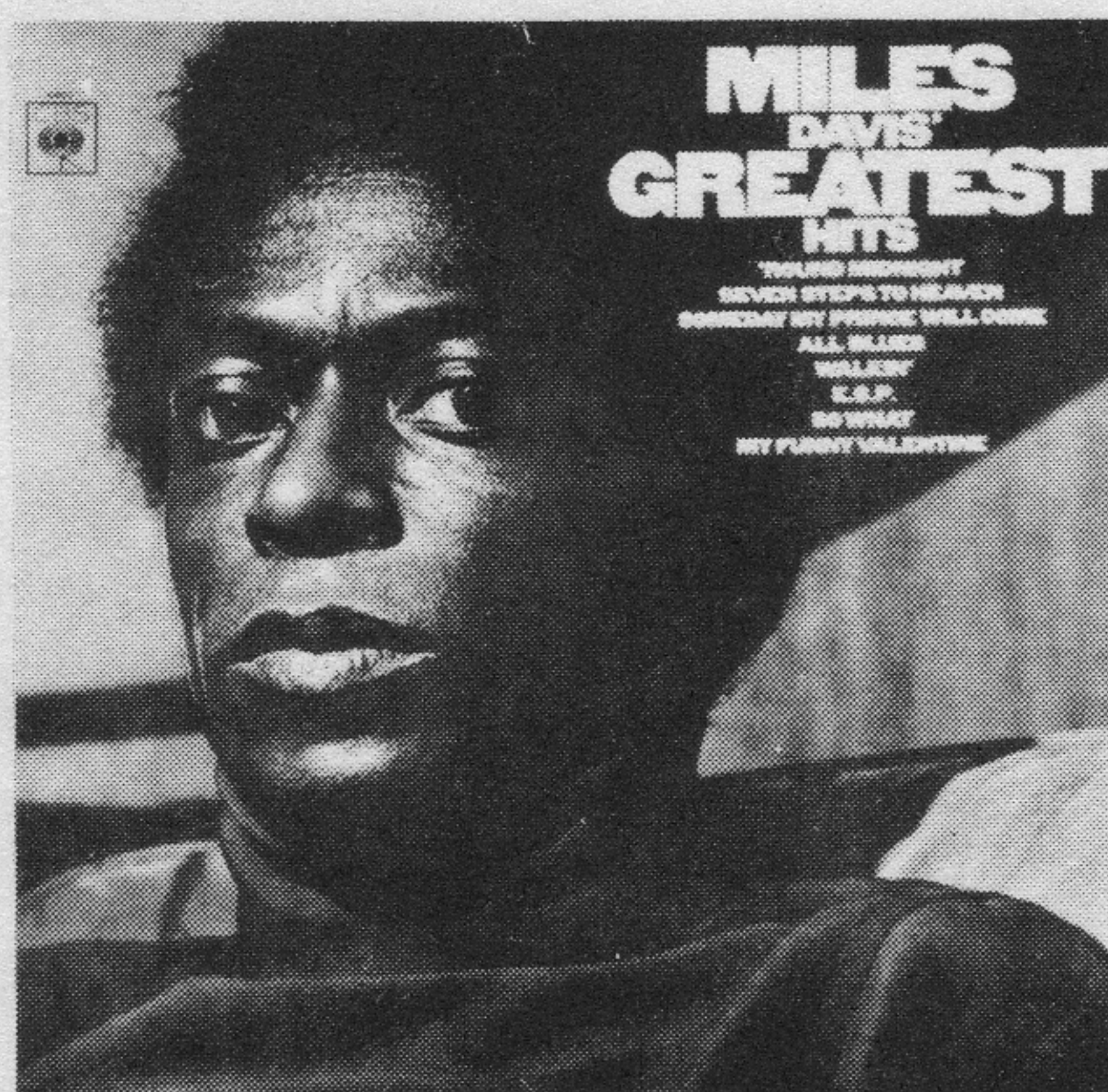
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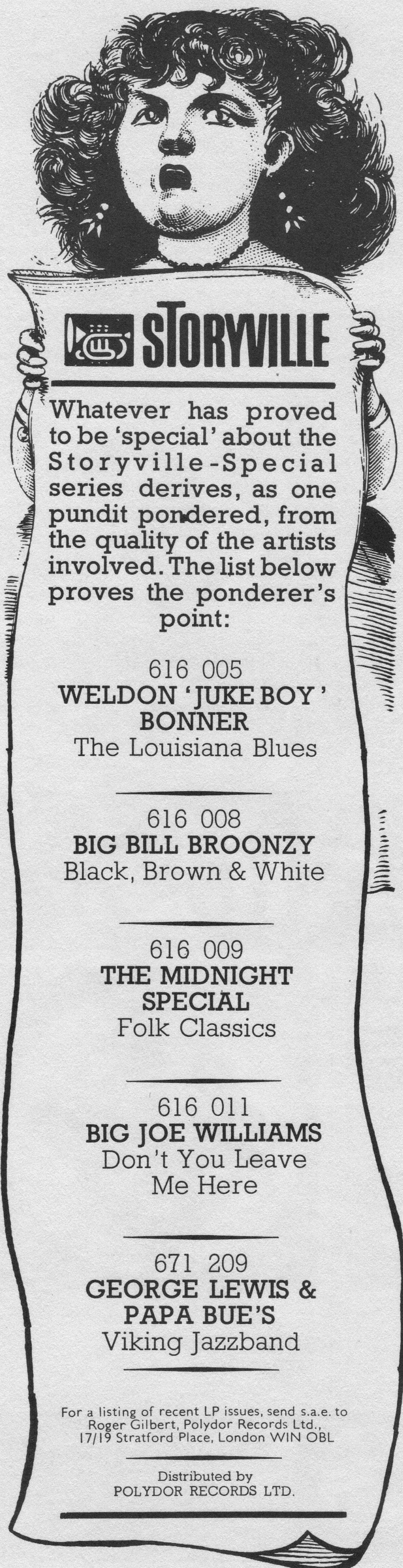
JOE HENDERSON

TETRAGON

ON CBS



CBS Records 28/30 Theobalds Road London WC1



HERBIE MANN

GLORY OF LOVE:

Herbie Mann (fl); Hubert Laws (fl, picc); Roy Glover (org, p); Eric Gale (g); Ron Carter (bs); Grady Tate (d); Ray Baretto (percussion)

New York City — July 26, 1967

No use crying :: Glory of love :: Unchain my heart :: House of the risin' sun :: Oh, how I want to love you

Roland Hanna (org, p) added; Gale out

New York City — July 27, 1967

In and out

Ernie Royal (tpt); Burt Collins (fl-h); Benny Powell (tbn); Herbie Mann (fl); Hubert Laws (fl, picc); Joe Grimaldi (sax); Eric Gale, Jay Berliner (g); Ron Carter (bs); Herb Lovelle (d); Ted Sommer (vib, percussion)

New York City — September 19, 1967

Upa, Neghuino

Herbie Mann (fl); Hubert Laws (fl, picc); Roy Ayers (vib); Sunny Sharrock (g); Earl May (bs); Grady Tate (d); Ray Baretto (percussion)

New York City — October 6, 1967

Hold on, I'm comin' :: The letter :: Love is stronger far than we

A&M AMLS 944 (37/5d.)

THE MUSIC on this LP has clearly been designed to appeal to the widest possible audience. I'm not condemning anyone for this — it's bright, cheerful and easy to listen to — but I doubt that Mann will hold much interest for those who look for some substance in their jazz. He and the other solists (despite a few interesting names in the line-up the accent is on the flute and guitar) tend to skate over the surface, and the rhythm sections hammer away in the current pop-influenced fashion.

Personally, I was glad that the playing time totals only 34 minutes, but as a matter of principal it's pertinent to ask why Mann fans should be expected to take such short-weight, especially considering the price of the record. One can excuse this kind of thing on cheap labels, or even when a major artist is involved and the yardstick is quality rather than quantity, but it would have been easy to have added an additional five minutes to each side of this LP.

JIM BURNS

MASTERS OF MODERN BLUES

VOLUME ONE — THE JOHNNY SHINES BAND:

Johnny Shines (vcl, g); Big Walter Horton (hca-1); Otis Spann (p); Lee Jackson (bs); Fred Below (d). Shines and Jackson only -2

Chicago — June 1966

Rollin' and tumblin' :: Trouble is all I see -1 :: Mr. Tom Green's farm -2 :: My black mare :: What kind of little girl are you? :: So cold in Vietnam :: Walkin' blues :: Black Panther :: Two trains runnin'

Testament T-2212

VOLUME TWO — J.B. HUTTO AND THE HAWKS:

J.B. Hutto (vcl, g); Johnny Young (g); Big Walter Horton (hca); Lee Jackson (bs); Fred Below (d)

Chicago — June 1966

Dust my broom :: Mistake in life :: Goin' down slow :: Lulu-bell's here :: She's so sweet :: My kind of woman :: Pet cream man :: Blues stay away from me :: The girl I love :: Sloppy drunk

Testament T-2213

VOLUME THREE — FLOYD JONES and EDDIE TAYLOR:

Floyd Jones (vcl-1, g, bs-2); Eddie Taylor (vcl-2, g); Big Walter Horton (hca); Otis Spann (p); Fred Below (d)

Chicago — June 1966

Rising wind-1 :: Stockyard blues -1 :: M & O blues -1 :: Dark road -1 :: Hard times -1 :: Big town playboy -2 :: Peach Tree blues -2 :: Bad boy -2 :: Train fare home -2 :: Take your hand down -2 :: After hours -2

Testament T-2214

NOW RESIDENT in California, Pete Welding has been able to turn to his valuable Testament label once more. We have missed his programme of original issues and new discoveries for far too long. Now he presents a three-

volume collection of blues singers currently (or at any rate, in 1966) around in Chicago. One can hardly say "working" for Johnny Shines, who at the time *was* working, but as a construction worker and freelance photographer. There are over thirty titles here and though they hardly give a cross-section of the Chicago musicians, for several of them appear on each LP, they do give adequate room for each leader to show his paces. I must admit to some disappointment over the sameness of level and treatment throughout the three volumes. This is due principally I think, to the presence of Freddie Below. Justly admired for his "back-beat" drumming and his power to drive a blues band. Freddie Below is nevertheless a very dominant drummer. The fact that he is laying down the beat on every track does reduce the opportunity for different approaches to rhythm in these many titles. Though he does not appear with J.B. Hutto, Otis Spann is also very evident on the other two albums, while Lee Jackson shares one and is present on the Hutto volume. The impression one is left with is of a group comprising Walter Horton, Otis Spann, Lee Jackson and Freddie Below, with occasional changes of vocalist and lead guitar. A tendency to monotony in the basic rhythms is also a feature of many groups, the bass figure used on many Elmore James and Jimmy Reed items and deriving in part from Robert Johnson appears again here in the accompaniments to J.B. Hutto and Eddie Taylor in particular. Again, a sameness creeps in through the pervasive influence of Robert Johnson. *Sweet home Chicago*, *Walkin' blues*, *Dust my broom* and others less obviously owe much to him. These are not so much weaknesses as characteristics that one must accept in the trend in modern Chicago blues. In fact, far from being inadequate, these recordings are of unusually high quality with no unsatisfactory tracks. For me the best volume is the first, though I must admit to a particular liking for Johnny Shines whose extremely musical voice especially appeals. He has the ability to give inflection and shading to his vocals without any loss of directness or strength. Take *Mr Tom Green's Farm* for instance, a slow and genuinely moving blues which owes relatively little to Hopkins (more in Robert Johnson again, as it happens) musically even of the words are somewhat modelled on *Tom Moore*. Shines may not be a very original lyricist (*So cold in Vietnam* is the old "China" theme) but *Black Panther* is certainly without precedent on this theme:

My baby thinks she is a black Panther, wanna follow
the change uptown
She wants to cut my throat and everybody's elses —
world around
My baby thinks she's a Black Panther she wants to
rule everywhere,
When my baby gets to trailin' she won't 'llow me to
do nothin' but smile.

Blueswise, he doesn't concern himself with much else but a personal problem arising over a Black Panther woman though; no messages here!

J.B. Hutto is much rougher, very much the back street club man. His voice is hoarse and he prefers repetitive phrases, slide guitar, punchy music. Against this setting Shakey Horton warbles in great style on *Blues stay away from me*; on some other tracks he seems somewhat under-recorded although his playing is consistently good. *She's so sweet* is a slow blues on which both Hutto's slide guitar playing and Horton's harp blowing work in accord throughout to produce an item which epitomises the Chicago blues of the present. As might be expected *Pet cream man*, one of Hutto's best items on Chance, is also a good item. Otis Spann comes back on the Floyd Jones items and the group fills out. Jones has a lugubrious voice but the rapport between Horton and Spann on *Rising wind* makes this an especially good track. *Stockyard blues* and *Dark road* are compositions for which Jones is well known and they benefit from the excellence of the group. On the former Jones reveals a marked affinity vocally to Jazz Gillum, but in this respect they lack the tautness of the original recordings. A distinctly brighter sound results when Eddie Taylor takes over, his *Big town playboy* sounding flippant after the doom-laden vocals of Floyd Jones. Taylor's guitar work is well known from Jimmy Reed's recordings and it provides a tight-knit structure for the otherwise rather light-weight items. Floyd Jones's deep bass guitar lays a foundation on *Bad boy* and Otis

Spann comes on like Big Maceo on *Train fare*.

In his three-lp set Pete Welding aimed to present "the work of a number of important artists in whose music the spirit of classic Chicago blues lives on still, strong and undiminished, as forceful and rewarding today as it was in Chicago in the early '50's." In this I believe he has succeeded admirably and the albums are recommended to anyone who wants a picture of recent hard-core Chicago blues. Any reservations are about the limitations of the eventual form which this music took and not of the presentation of the artists themselves, or of the recording, which is in stereo and has a rich, full sound that contributes greatly to the club like atmosphere.

PAUL OLIVER

CHARLIE PARKER

PENSIVE BIRD:

Miles Davis (tpt); Charlie Parker (alt); Tadd Dameron (p); Curley Russell (bs); Max Roach (d)

Royal Roost, New York City — September 4, 1948

Ko Ko

Al Haig (p); Tommy Potter (bs); replace Dameron and Russell

Royal Roost, New York City — December 11, 1948

Ornithology :: Groovin' high

Royal Roost, New York City—December 12, 1948

Hot house

Kenny Dorham (tpt) replaces Davis

Royal Roost, New York City—December 25, 1948

White Christmas

Fats Navarro (tpt); Charlie Parker (alt); Bud Powell (p); Tommy Potter (b); Art Blakey (d)

Cafe Society, New York City — May 8, 1950

'Round about midnight :: 52nd Street theme

Cafe Society, New York City — May 15, 1950

Cool blues :: Move

Cafe Society, New York City — June 1, 1950

Ornithology

Ember ® CJS-821 (19/11d.)

PENSIVE, according to my dictionary, means "expressing thoughtfulness with sadness" and

the music on this LP hardly comes into that category. But it is good, of course. Parker collectors will be familiar with all the material, which has previously cropped up on Le Jazz Cool, Savoy, and Saga discs, but anyone wanting a varied selection of "live"

American Folk Blues and Gospel Festival '69

UNDER this title a package tour comprising Albert King and his Blues Band, John Lee Hooker, Otis Spann, Champion Jack Dupree, and the Stars of Faith will tour Britain for fourteen days. Tour details are as follows:-

Friday, October 31, Bristol, Colston Hall; Saturday, November 1 Bracknell, Sports Centre; Sunday, November 2, Leicester, De Montfort Hall; Monday, November 3, Birmingham, Town Hall; Tuesday, November 4, Sheffield, City Hall; Wednesday, November 5, Glasgow, City Hall; Thursday, November 6, Carlisle, Market Hall; Friday, November 7, Newcastle, City Hall; Saturday, November 9, Croydon, Fairfield Hall; Monday, November 10, Portsmouth, Guildhall; Tuesday, November 11, St. Helens, Theatre Royal; Wednesday, November 12, Hemel Hempstead, Pavilion.

Buddy Rich

BUDDY RICH and his Orchestra will be touring Britain during November. Dates already finalised are:-

Friday, November 7, Liverpool University; Saturday, November 8, London, New Victoria Theatre; Thursday, November 13, Bristol, Colston Hall; Saturday, November 15, Belfast, Festival; Monday, November 17, Nottingham, Palais; Tuesday, November 18, Birmingham, Town Hall; Wednesday, November 19, Croydon Fairfield Hall; Thursday, November 20, Hemel Hempstead, Pavilion; Friday, November 21, Wakefield, Theatre Club; Saturday, November 22, Manchester, Free Trade Hall

Bird to fill out a general collection will find this compilation useful.

I don't know if there's anything valuable I can add to the thousands of words already written about Parker. His artistry stands evident. And when, as on one of the versions of *Ornithology*, he is joined by Fats Navarro and Bud Powell, then the resultant music is some of the finest on record from the bop era. Incidentally, despite reassurances from discographers, I'm still dubious about the quoted recording date of June 1, 1950 for this track. According to reliable eye-witnesses Navarro was a very sick man around this time, and it's hard to believe that he could have produced such imaginative and fiery music in the circumstances. Maybe he was just inspired that night — I don't know, of course, But I prefer to keep an open mind on the matter.

The other version of *Ornithology* is less brilliant, but it does have a good Miles Davis solo which shows him as having much more skill and drive than his work from his period is usually credited with. As for the rest of the tracks, Parker is never less than good. Davis varies from interesting to downright dull, and Dorham (on *White Christmas*) produces a lively and attractive solo. Despite obvious recording imperfections these tracks are essential listening for anyone curious about Parker or the bop era in general. The sleeve shows *White Christmas* as having been recorded on December 25, 1950, but the correct year is 1948. JIM BURNS

OSCAR PETERSON

MY FAVOURITE INSTRUMENT:

Oscar Peterson (p)

Villingen, Germany — mid 1960s

Someone to watch over me :: Perdido :: Body and soul :: Who can I turn to :: Bye, bye blackbird :: I should care :: Lulu's back in town :: Little girl blue :: Take the 'A' train

Polydor 583 721 (37/6d.)

THAT DISTANT chomping sound you hear is jazz critics eating their words — the unkind words they have written about O. Peterson. This record is volume 4 of the "Exclusively for my friends" series which he has recorded for Hans Brunner-Schwer; I had one of the first to review for the *Gramophone* (volume 3, "The way I really play") and it quite bowled me over. I still think it has the edge over this one, because the presence of a rhythm section allows O.P. to swing more effectively, but this collection of piano solos is quite a revelation in its musical variety. (Let me remind readers, by the way, that I am normally bored by solo pianos even more than by piano trios.) Admittedly the remarkable recording quality influences me to some extent, but I am convinced that these tracks would sound superb even over a telephone. Tatum's influence is very strong — I gather that *Someone to watch over you* was intended as a tribute to Tatum — but the influence is completely assimilated and Peterson shows himself to be a jazz pianist of consummate brilliance and individuality. Strong words? Well hear it. I do not deny that O.P. has, in his time, committed some of the most mechanical jazz in the business to tape. But what I have heard of this series makes up for a lot. 40 minutes. JOHN POSTGATE

BUD POWELL

BOUNCING WITH BUD:

Bud Powell (p); Niels-Henning Ørsted Pedersen (bs); William Schiøffe (d)

Copenhagen — April 26, 1962

Rifftide :: Bouncing with Bud :: Move :: The best thing for you :: Straight, no chaser :: I remember Clifford :: Hot houses :: 52nd Street theme

Polydor 545 102 (25/-)

ANOTHER welcome re-issue, this LP was first released on XTRA 1011. As with most Powell sessions, the accent was on bop classics — and why not when (a) they're such obviously good tunes, and (b) they inspired the pianist to often produce his greatest solos — with a popular standard and a couple of jazz compositions more associated with the post-1950 period thrown in for good measure.

As I mentioned when reviewing Powell's *Blues for Bouffamont* LP (see the August issue) he was less frenetic in his later years. However, he could still scale heights of emotional and imaginative intensity, as his work on *Rifftide*, *Bouncing with Bud* (a tune which first appeared on a 1946 Powell/Sonny Stitt disc under the title *Be-bop in Pastel*) and *Move* so amply shows. I know of no other pianist in whose solos such a sense of urgency — of almost wanting to pile the notes on top of each other — is so evident. The marvellous thing is that Powell makes it all sound so logical. The Danish bassist and drummer acquit themselves honourably (I understand that Pedersen was only fifteen at the time of the session) but Powell is clearly in command throughout. Highly recommended to anyone who doesn't already possess the XTRA issue. JIM BURNS

JOHNNY 'HAMMOND' SMITH

ROOFUS TOOFUS:

Johnny 'Hammond' Smith (org); Seldon Powell (ten-1); Eddie McFadden (g); Leo Stevens (d)

Monterey Club, New Haven, Conn — November 8, 1962

Black coffee -1 :: Monterey theme :: I remember Clifford -1 :: Far away places :: Roofus toofus -1 :: Body and soul -1 :: He's a real gone guy -1

Riverside 673 017 (37/6d.)

JOHNNY SMITH has a fair command of effects and produces a variety of odd noises from time to time here; his grasp of what's involved in jazz improvisation is less sure, and his work pretty quickly becomes boring. Some of the material doesn't help either: he has enough to do getting by on things like *Body and soul* and *Clifford* without trying to push something like *Far away places* into the jazz repertoire. Powell plays some reasonably nice things, and the drumming for the most part is adequate to the job. McFadden's solos again hold little interest, but his experience in this kind of setup makes him effective within the group; so when Smith isn't trying to be too fancy the group begins to give some impression of knowing what they're at, but it's never sustained long enough to overcome the disadvantages present and in the end this is an uneven and unsatisfying set. JACK COOKE

JIMMY WITHERSPOON

AT THE RENAISSANCE:

Ben Webster (ten); Gerry Mulligan (bar); Jimmy Rowles (p); Leroy Vinnegar (bs); Mel Lewis (d); Jimmy Witherspoon (vcl)

Los Angeles — December 2 or 9, 1959

Times gettin' tougher than tough :: How long :: Corina Corina :: C.C. rider :: Roll 'em Pete :: Every day :: Outskirts of town :: Goin' to Kansas City :: Trouble in mind :: St. Louis blues

Ember CJS 820 (19/11d.)

THIS RE-ISSUE will be entirely familiar to older readers. It is a location recording, but a good quality one, which was rather well received by jazz fans when it first appeared in about 1960. I think people were somewhat influenced by the fact that the jazz-blues was dying out: after Jimmy Rushing and Joe Turner, who was there? Well, there was this younger admirer of Turner who could put in a good performance with a set of out-and-out jazzmen from Norman Granz's stable. A decade later one can still say it is a good record, but not that good. Rowles and Mulligan sound less out of place now than they seemed then; Mulligan is, indeed, very good on the over-slow *How long* and on *Trouble in mind*. Ben Webster's playing is all the time slightly exaggerated; his roars and rasps suggest that he was trying a little too hard to help things along. A good fault, of course, The only perfect track, and it is excellent, is *Trouble in mind*, where the tempo is just right and the group plays together for the whole number, not just intermittently. But *Roll 'em Pete*, despite Webster's and Lewis's efforts to build up some drive, illustrates the essential incongruity of this session. Bear in mind that I, personally, respect rather than enjoy Witherspoon's singing — I find it all a bit histrionic — so that if you are a real 'Spoon lover you should certainly hear this record and will probably find it essential. 38 minutes. JOHN POSTGATE

2 E.M.I. IMPORTS

IN VARIOUS specialist fields record imports are likely to grow in the years ahead. In the U.S.A. in particular the record industry is becoming increasingly geared to concentration on LPs with a potential mass sale, the rather bewildering economics of the major recording companies allowing less attention to be given to minority markets. In jazz there can be no doubt that the continuance of the present massive reissue programmes is likely to become a European preserve, and the almost total neglect of what European collectors consider to be straightforward jazz recordings at the expense of pop-jazz items in the U.S.A. will, one hopes, ultimately lead to a few of the major European companies planning a jazz programme of new recordings specifically for local markets. Recently Franklin Driggs has stated that it is unlikely that American Columbia will continue with their jazz reissue programme, and significantly he is now working closely with British C.B.S. in this field.

There are, of course, exceptions in the U.S.A., notably the many pirate companies engaged in reissue programmes, plus a very few private concerns who are doing recordings of a straight jazz nature. The former, however, must be vulnerable to action from the companies whose material they are so freely using, and it is a matter of conjecture as to whether the majors will be prepared to turn a blind eye to what is going on for an indefinite length of time.

In view of this situation it is worth noting that imports can ultimately mean the preservation of a reasonable bulk of reissues for minority tastes. A company may feel that there is not sufficient of a domestic market to warrant certain issues but that if they can export copies to other countries the overall sales could result in a profit margin. This also works the other way, when a local company cannot foresee enough sales to justify issuing an LP but are prepared to import copies on a limited basis. I realise that this dodges the question of whether companies really do know how to obtain the maximum of sales on jazz releases, but this is a point I shall deal with in some detail when a company like Polydor is highlighted in these columns, for in all probability Polydor is now the major jazz company in Britain as far as direct issues are concerned. Turning to the import situation in this country at present, there are three major sources of jazz imports of which the biggest by far is the E.M.I. Import Division at Hayes, Middlesex. It hardly needs stressing that jazz is only a small part of the total import programme undertaken by E.M.I. Through the courtesy of Mr. Lanza, head of the E.M.I. Import Division, and of his assistant, Mr. Van Hengel, I have had the opportunity of seeing the full import stock, ranging from classical LPs through jazz and pop, and including a myriad of offbeat issues from barrel organ records and Arabic popular singers to authentic Irish folk music and poetry releases. The range of intriguing records is such that one can only regret that there could be no legitimate reason for reviewing them in a specialist jazz magazine!

E.M.I. Imports are stocked by many dealers and can be ordered by any with an account with E.M.I. On the jazz side the labels handled include French CBS, French RCA, Impulse, Savoy-Musicdisc, Argo, American Columbia — for copyright reasons the Columbia title has to be pasted over with CBS stickers — American and French Epic, Black and Blue, and Regal, and these are only a selection selected more or less at random. Over the next three months we shall be reviewing many of the more interesting jazz LPs and EPs distributed by E.M.I. Imports, including in the December issue the American Columbia "Sounds Of Chicago" and "Sounds Of Harlem" sets that were never released in this country. Because of purchase tax, record imports are expensive in comparison to local prices. In reviewing them I have chosen to ignore this fact in any final evaluation of a record, for most of these items are specialist in character and readers who are interested in them will make their own decision on the economic level. On items of fringe interest price clearly is an important factor, but in the

case of really important releases the individual collector has to make his or her own decision on what price they are prepared to pay to acquire them.

Apart from the records reviewed during the next three months, we will publish in the New Year a partial list of other jazz LPs of interest available from E.M.I. Imports. One factor with imports that does not generally apply to domestic releases is that stocks tend to be variable, but in general E.M.I. Imports maintain stocks of basic items in all fields that have a reasonable sales potential.

ALBERT MCCARTHY

JOHNNY DODDS AND KID ORY

NEW ORLEANS WANDERERS:

George Mitchell (cnt); Edward 'Kid' Ory (tbn); Johnny Dodds (clt); Joe Clark (alt); Lil Armstrong (p); Johnny St. Cyr (bj)

Chicago — July 13, 1926

142426-1 *Perdido Street blues-1*

142427-2 *Gatemouth*

142428-3 *Too tight*

142429-2 *Papa dip*

-1 Clark not present on this track

NEW ORLEANS BOOTBLACKS:

Same personnel as above

Chicago — July 14, 1926

142436-1 *Mixed salad*

142437-3 *I can't say*

142438-1 *Flat foot*

142439-1 *Mad dog*

CHICAGO FOOTWARMERS:

Natty Dominique (cnt); Johnny Dodds (clt); Jimmy Blythe (p); Warren 'Baby' Dodds (wbd)

Chicago — December 15, 1927

82076-B *My baby*

82077-B *Oriental man*

Edward 'Kid' Ory (tbn); Bill Johnson (bs) added

Chicago — July 4, 1928

400987-B *Lady love*

400988-B *Brown bottom Bess*

Epic F M LN-24269 (53/9d.)

IT HAS BEEN some years since this LP was locally available as Philips BBL7136. The

Chicago Footwarmers performances are typical good time music of the sort that we now associate with Jimmy Blythe's name, but Dodds always played well in such a setting and contributes a particularly fine solo to *Lady*. This performance also has a good solo by Blythe, contrasting with that on *Brown bottom* which is slightly uncharacteristic, whereas Dominique who is competent enough in the lead seems afflicted with the ague when his turn comes to solo.

The New Orleans Wanderers/Bootblacks sides are, of course, quite another matter. Here we have the Armstrong Hot Five with George Mitchell replacing Armstrong and the addition of an alto player. These were extremely relaxed sessions and though in a recent interview Mitchell mentioned that he seldom improvised, as a lead cornetist he ranks with the finest. Improvised or not, his solos on *Too tight*, the wistful *I can't*, and *Perdido Street* are beautifully realised, and the front line as a whole are in fine form. Dodds's solo on *Perdido Street* is a masterpiece of blues playing and conveys the impression of great emotional involvement, and throughout his work is of the highest order. There is a marvellous spaciousness about the sound of the ensemble, with the alto player contributing an effective part, and each individual voice is as clear as are the overall textures. These two sessions rank amongst the classics of New Orleans ensemble performances, and for this reason this is an essential LP. Another factor that warrants com-

ment is the remarkably fine recording quality, far better than much that was accepted as good in the following decade. In conclusion I would add that the least expected moment on the LP arrives during the opening of St.Cyr's solo on *Flat foot* where he quite unmistakeably plays the tune that over two decades later became famous as the *Harry Lime theme!*

DUKE ELLINGTON

THE ELLINGTON ERA 1927-1940, VOLUME ONE:

Louis Metcalfe, James 'Bubber' Miley (tpt); Joe 'Tricky Sam' Nanton (tbn); Otto Hardwicke (alt, clt); Rudy Jackson (clt, ten); Harry Carney (alt, clt, bar); Duke Ellington (p); Fred Guy (bj); Sumner 'Bass' Edwards (tu); William 'Sonny' Greer (d)

New York City — March 22, 1927

W143705-3 *East St. Louis toodle-oo*

W143706-2 *Hop head*

Cladys 'Jabbo' Smith (tpt); Wellman Braud (bs); replace Miley and Edwards

New York City — November 3, 1927

W81776-A *Black and tan fantasy*

James 'Bubber' Miley (tpt); Leon 'Barney' Bigard (clt, ten) replace Smith and Jackson

New York City — January 19, 1928

W400031-A *Jubilee stomp*

Louis Metcalfe, James 'Bubber' Miley, Arthur Whetsol (tpt); Joe 'Tricky Sam' Nanton (tbn); Otto Hardwicke (alt, clt); Johnny Hodges (alt, sop); Leon 'Barney' Bigard (clt, ten); Harry Carney (bar, alt, clt); Duke Ellington (p); Fred Guy (bj); Alonzo 'Lonnie' Johnson (g); Wellman Braud (bs); William 'Sonny' Greer (d); 'Baby' Cox (vcl-1)

New York City — October 1, 1928

W401175-A *The mooche-1*

W401177-A *Hot and bothered-1*

Freddy Jenkins (tpt) replaces Metcalfe; Hardwicke out

New York City — November 20, 1928

W401350-D *Blues with a feeling*

Charles 'Cootie' Williams (tpt); replaces Miley; Juan Tizol (v-tbn); added Johnson out

New York City — November 20, 1929

W403286-B *Lazy Duke*

New York City — October 30, 1930

W404521-B *Old man blues*

Arthur Whetsol (tpt); Joe 'Tricky Sam' Nanton (tbn); Leon 'Barney' Bigard (clt); same p; bj; bs; d

New York City — October 30, 1930

W480023-A *Mood indigo*

previous full band personnel

New York City — November 8, 1930

W404804-A *Rockin' in rhythm*

Lawrence Brown (tbn); Avie Anderson (vcl-1) added; Guy switches to g; Tizol out

New York City — February 2, 1932

B11204-A *It don't mean a thing-1*

B11205-A *Lazy rhapsody-2*

-2 vcl by Charles 'Cootie' Williams

New York City — February 4, 1932

B11223-A *Blue tune*

Juan Tizol (v-tbn); Otto Hardwicke (alt) added

New York City — May 16, 1932

B11839-A *Blue harlem*

B11840-A *Sheik of Araby*

Freddy Jenkins, Charles 'Cootie' Williams, Arthur Whetsol (tpt); Joe 'Tricky Sam' Nanton, Lawrence Brown (tbn); Juan Tizol (v-tbn); Otto Hardwicke (alt, clt); Johnny Hodges (alt, sop); Leon 'Barney' Bigard (clt, ten); Harry Carney (bar, alt, clt); Duke Ellington (p, talking-1); Fred Guy (g); Wellman Braud (bs); William 'Sonny' Greer (d)

New York City — May 18, 1932

B11866-A *Blue ramble*

New York City — September 19, 1932

B12333-A *Ducky wucky*

New York City — September 21, 1932

B12344-A *Lightnin'*

New York City — February 17, 1933

B13078-A *Slippery horn*

B13081-A *Drop me off at Harlem*

New York City — May 16, 1933

B13337-A *Bundle of blues (Dragon's blues)*

New York City — August 15, 1933

B13802-A *Harlem speaks*

New York City — September 12, 1934

B15910-A *Solitude*

B15911-A *Saddest tale-1*

Charlie Allen (tpt); Rex Stewart (cnt) replace Jenkins and Whetsol
Fred Avendorf (d) replaces Greer

New York City — April 30, 1935

B17408-A *Merry-go-round*

Arthur Whetsol (tpt); Billy Taylor (bs); William 'Sonny' Greer (d); replace Allen, Braud and Avendorf; Hardwicke out

New York City — February 27, 1926

B18736-A *Clarinet lament (Barney's concerto)*

B18737-A *Echoes of Harlem (Cootie's concerto)*

Otto Hardwicke (alt, clt); Ben Webster (ten); Hayes Alvis (bs) added

New York City — July 29, 1936

B19626-A *In a jam*

Wallace Jones (tpt); replaces Whetsol; Ivie Anderson (vcl-1) added; Webster out

New York City — May 14, 1937

M470-1 *Caravan*

Tizol and Alvis out

New York City — September 20, 1937

M650-1 *Harmony in Harlem*

Tizol and Alvis return

New York City — June 7, 1938

M633-1 *Rose of the Rio Grande-1*

Wallace Jones, Charles 'Cottie' Williams (tpt); Rex Stewart (cnt); Joe 'Tricky Sam' Nanton, Lawrence Brown (tbn); Juan Tizol (v-tbn); Otto Hardwicke (alt); Johnny Hodges (alt, sop); Leon 'Barney' Bigard (clt, ten); Harry Carney (bar, alt, clt, bs-clt); Duke Ellington (p); Billy Taylor, Hayes Alvis (bs); William 'Sonny' Greer (d)

New York City — September 20, 1937

M648-A *Diminuendo in blue*

M649-A *Crescendo in blue*

Harold 'Shorty' Baker (tpt) added

New York City — February 2, 1938

M751-A *Ridin' on a bluenote*

M753-A *The gal from Joe's*

Fred Guy (g) added

New York City — March 3, 1938

M772-A *I let a song go out of my heart*

Baker and Alvis out

New York City — August 4, 1938

M884-1 *Prelude to a kiss*

New York City — December 19, 1938

M947-1 *Jazz potpourri (Myrtle Avenue stomp)*

M949-1 *Battle of swing*

New York City — December 22, 1938

M960-1 *Boy meets horn*

M961-1 *Slap happy*

New York City — March 20, 1939

MW998-1 *Subtle lament*

New York City — March 21, 1939

MW1006-1 *Portrait of the Lion*

New York City — August 28, 1939

WM1063-1 *The sergeant was shy*

Jimmy Blanton (bs) replaces Taylor

New York City — October 14, 1939

WM1093-1 *Grievin'*

Ben Webster (ten); Ivie Anderson (vcl-1) added

New York City — February 14, 1940

WM1136-1 *Stormy weather-1*

WM1138-1 *Sophisticated lady*

Columbia (A) Ⓜ CL2046/7/8 (Set
C3L-27) (£8.13.3.)

WHEN THESE records were first issued in this country — as CBS-BPG-62178/9/80 — Jack Cooke commented in his review in our January 1964 issue that it was impossible in the space available to be anything more than superficial and incidental about the music. Now, almost six years later, with even less space at my disposal, I can only endorse his remark. After all, we have here forty-eight tracks spanning fourteen years of the greatest composer and one of the greatest bands in the history of jazz, and even those performances which are less than perfect have a great deal to offer both musically and as an insight into Ellington's methods.

It is easy to point out that on record one, which runs from *East St. Louis* to *Sheik of Araby*, the versions of *East St. Louis*, *Black and tan*, *Jubilee* and *Rockin'* had been bettered on other recordings, yet put baldly like this it would tell only half the story and one would need to draw attention to various fine solos, particularly those of Bubber Miley. Side one of record one does, however, include the wonderful *Blues with a feeling* with magnificent solos by Hodges and Miley, and the outstandingly successful *The mooche* on which Lonnie Johnson's guitar does much to boost the rhythm. Side two is almost all worthy of detailed study, and if one singles out *Lazy Duke*, *Lazy rhapsody* and *Blue tune* it is simply because one feels that they are not as well known as most of the other tracks. *Blue tune* makes fine use of the contrasting trumpet styles of Whetsol and Williams, and this and *Lazy Duke* remind one yet again what a magnificent open tone Williams possessed.

Record two, extending from *Lightnin'* to *Caravan*, is perhaps the most entirely satisfying of the three records. *Blue ramble*, *Bundle of blues* and *Saddest tale* — the latter including a recitative from Ellington — are beautiful moody themes, the score of the former being superlative. All the soloists — Bigard, Nanton, Hodges, Williams and Carney — are in top form, as indeed they seemed to be constantly at this period. Side two leads one to the first of Ellington's 'concerto' writings in *Clarinet lament* and *Echoes of Harlem*, a device which subsequently became a commonplace but which was an entirely new departure at this time. *Harmony in Harlem* is interesting in as far as it enters conventional big band swing territory, with Hodges and Williams featured strongly. The final record has many notable tracks, including the skilfully arranged six minute *Diminuendo* and *Crescendo*, an orchestral piece virtually devoid of solos the concerto style *Boy meets horn* which, when one hears the original version recently issued on a pirate LP, makes clear just how much polishing and refining went on within the Ellington band, the beautiful *Subtle lament* with some of Stewart's finest recorded work and a magnificent arrangement, and an early Ellington-Strayhorn collaboration in *Grievin'* with its superb Hodges solo. *Battle of swing* is fascinating, for here we have an attempt to develop the concerto style into a more complex concerto gross medium, with a quartet set against the remainder of the reeds and brass.

One has briefly mentioned some of the outstanding tracks, but there are very few indeed that lack points of interest. One factor that struck me very forcibly while replaying these records was that at a time when big band scoring seems to have reached a new low of mediocrity, there are untold possibilities in many of these Ellington scores that have never been fully explored. I doubt that there are many readers of this magazine who believe in the myth of continual progress in jazz, but if there are any remaining they would be hard put to sustain their viewpoint in its application to big band scoring.

In all probability this is the finest set of Ellington records currently available — I think it better on the whole than volume two in the same series — but it is a pity that the two American Columbia sets were not planned in a chronological sequence, avoiding the irritation of having to jump from record to record to track down titles from the same sessions. With eight tracks per side and an average playing time of 48 minutes a record there can be no complaints on this score, but a few of the transfers seem to have been clumsily done. In his original review Jack Cooke singled out *Diminuendo* and *Crescendo* as having suffered badly in this respect, a view with which I thoroughly agree, and *Sophisticated lady* and *Riding on a blue note* suffer from distortion. In general though the dubbings

have been well done — one could speculate as to why American Columbia had to dub 78s at all — and the recording quality is satisfactory.

In the present boxed set the records are not available separately. Included is a lavish folder with many photographs, a foreword by Irving Mills (one wonders what Ellington thought of that?), a reasonable essay on Ellington by Leonard Feather, notes on each performance by Stanley Dance identifying the soloists, and finally full recording details. It is pleasing that the set has been presented in this manner but in the last resort unimportant by comparison to musical considerations. Of the latter one can only say that for anyone who cares about Ellington, which one might be tempted to add means anyone who cares about jazz, this set is truly indispensable.

BOBBY HACKETT AND HIS JAZZ BAND

COAST TO COAST:

Bobby Hackett (cnt); Jack Teagarden (tbn, vcl-1); Abe Lincoln (tbn); Matty Matlock (clt); Don Owens (p); Hilton 'Nappy' Lamare (g-2, bj-3); Phil Stephens (bs-2, tu-3); Nick Fatool (d)
Hollywood — October 18 and 19, 1955

- 14640 *Struttin' with some barbecue-2*
- 14641 *Muskrat ramble-2*
- 14642 *New Orleans-2*
- 14644 *Basin Street blues-1, 2*
- 14646 *That's a plenty-2*
- 14648 *I want a big butter and egg man-3*
- 14649 *Fidgety feet-3*
- 14650 *Royal Garden blues-3*
- 14651 *I guess I'll have to change my plan-2*

Regal ® REG-2062 (22/9d.)

DESPITE THE preponderance of Dixieland warhorses this is a very good LP, benefitting from excellent recording. *New Orleans* and *I guess* are the outstanding tracks, both having quite beautiful solos from Hackett and Teagarden, but these two were in particularly fine form on the two days of these session and even on *Basin Street*, which he must have played on thousands of occasions, Teagarden comes up with a gem of a solo. This record undoubtedly has some of Teagarden's best recorded work of the closing decade of his life, when illness and other pressures sometimes led him to fall back upon stock phrases.

Lincoln, an extrovert soloist whose work provides good contrast to that of Teagarden, is featured effectively on several tracks and holds his own on chase sequences on *That's* and *Fidgety*, while Matlock has various pleasant solos. It says much for the musicians that they play with freshness and enthusiasm on numbers like *Muskrat*, *Fidgety* and *Royal Garden*, not even the switch from guitar and string bass to banjo and tuba proving too disastrous. Those who know Hackett only by his more commercial 'pretty' recordings will be surprised by the strength and inventiveness of his playing on *That's* and *Muskrat*, for example, and this is one of that rare group of LPs that is highly successful in spite of repertoire limitations and such a-and-r man exigencies as the introduction of banjo and tuba. Playing time is 34½ minutes and in an area not exactly bulging with worthwhile LPs this can be highly recommended.

EARL HINES

57 VARIETIES:

Earl Hines (p)

Chicago — December 9, 1928

- 402210-C *Caution blues*
- 402211-A *A monday date*

Chicago — December 12, 1928

- 402218-A *I ain't got nobody*
- 402220-A *57 varieties*

New York City — July 14, 1932

- B-12079-A *Love me tonight*
- B-12079-C *Love me tonight*
- B12080-A *Down among the sheltering palms*
- B12080-B *Down among the sheltering palms*

Earl Hines (p); Al McKibbon (bs); J.C. Heard (d)
New York City — July 17, 1950

- CO-44115 *Rosetta*
- CO-44116 *I hadn't anyone 'till you*
- CO-44117 *These foolish things*
- CO-44118 *'Deed I do*
- CO-44120 *You can depend on me*
- CO-44121 *Diane*

CBS(F) 63.364 (53/9d.)
WHEN LISTENING to the first four solos on this LP it requires an effort of the imagination to accept the fact that they were recorded over forty years ago. *Caution* (better known subsequently as *Blues in thirds*) is a performance of great rhythmic complexity, remarkable swing, and extraordinary technical virtuosity, as indeed are the following three solos. If Hines repeated these solos note for note today they would not strike the listener as being dated. The two versions of the 1932 *Love me* and *Down among*, the latter showing some stride influences are equally impressive and also afford a fascinating insight into the manner in which Hines appears to set the outline of a solo — significantly the two takes of both numbers last for the identical length of time — while improvising freely on details. The 1950 titles have also worn well and constant listening to them over the years has revealed many felicities that were not at first apparent. McKibbon and Heard provide a sympathetic generally unobtrusive backing, and titles such as *These foolish* and *Diane* present Hines in a more reflective mood than we knew from the earlier recordings. Not that the virtuoso displays are absent, for *I hadn't*, *You can*, *'Deed* and *Rosetta* are in part dazzling solos with a fine use of both rhythmic and melodic variation. *'Deed* is interesting for the manner in which Hines alternates passages of bravura playing with relaxed lines, while *I hadn't* becomes increasingly daring as Hines builds his solo. This is a superb LP, available about a decade ago locally as Philips BBL7185, marred only by quite disturbingly bad dubbing on *Caution* and 57. The playing time is 46½ minutes.

JAMES P. JOHNSON

FATHER OF THE STRIDE PIANO:

James P. Johnson (p)
New York City — October 18, 1921

S-70-260-C *Carolina shout*
New York City — June 18, 1923

81099-2 *Weeping blues*
81100-2 *Worried and lonesome blues*
New York City — February 25, 1927

W143531-5 *All that I had is gone*

W143532-6 *Snowy morning blues*

James P. Johnson, Clarence Williams (p, talking)
New York City — January 31, 1930

W149951-1 *How could I be blue?*

James P. Johnson (p)
New York City — June 14, 1939

W24757 *If dreams come true*

W24758 *Fascination*

W24760 *Mule walk stomp*

W24761 *Lonesome reverie*

W24762 *Blueberry rhyme*

Henry Allen (tpt); J.C. Higginbotham (tbn); Eugene Sedric (ten);
James P. Johnson (p); Eugene Fields (g); George 'Pops' Foster
(bs); Sid Catlett (d); Anna Robinson (vcl-1)

New York City — June 15, 1939

W24776 *Memories of you*

W24777 *Old fashioned love*

W24778 *Swingin' at the Lido*

W24779 *Havin' a ball*

W24780 *Hungry blues-1*

Columbia (A) CL-1780 (57/9d.)

JOHNSON'S BAND recordings were seldom amongst his outstanding achievements, and though *Swingin'* and *Havin'* have reasonable solo contributions they are overall rather ordinary. *Old fashioned* is better, with

Johnson, Sedric and Allen heard to advantage, but *Memories* with an imaginative solo by Allen, and the attractive *Hungry* — the lyrics by the late Langston Hughes — with finely integrated solos by Johnson and Allen and a good vocal by Anna Robinson can count amongst his most successful performances in a band setting.

How could is light-hearted in intent and has some vaudeville patter from the two participants, *Carolina* is good without equaling a piano roll version of the same period, while *Weeping* and *Worried* have excellent stride playing from Johnson but once more highlight the fact that the stride pianists seldom recorded blues of any real depth. With the charming *Snowy morning* this hardly matters, for the basic theme is extremely attractive, though this 1927 version is played with greater vigour than later recorded versions, in the process losing something of its character. *All that* is more reflective, a fine solo on a blues theme that finds Johnson in very disciplined mood. The 1939 solos are all extremely good, presenting the essence of Johnson's art in the cohesion of his solos, the delightful melodic variations, and his considerable compositional ability. *Fascination*, a pleasing minor key theme which makes good use of a descending phrase, and *Lonesome reverie*, another striking tune which is developed by Johnson quite superbly, are perhaps the outstanding tracks, but the romping *Mule* and *If dreams*, and the moody *Blueberry* are all worthy of a performer who, while recognised by fellow pianists as the greatest of the stride stylists both as executant and composer, was never able to achieve the popular recognition of his most famous pupil 'Fats' Waller. Though by his own highest standards there are a few examples of Johnson at slightly less than his best on this LP, this is still a very fine record and one deserving the highest commendation, particularly as Johnson seems to be still curiously under-rated by many even long-term collectors. There is some surface noise on the early tracks but generally the recording quality is satisfactory, while the playing time is 47 minutes. This was at one time locally available as CBS(E) BPG-62090.

PARIS 1945

DJANGO REINHARDT WITH THE GLENN MILLER ALL STARS:

Bernie Privin (tpt); Michael 'Peanuts' Hucko (ten); Mel Powell (p);
Django Reinhardt (g); Joe Shulman (bs); Ray McKinley (d)

Paris — December 1944

ST1227-2 *How high the moon*

ST1228 *If dreams come true*

ST1229 *Hallelujah*

ST1230 *Stompin' at the Savoy*

MEL POWELL (p)

Paris — Spring 1945

1368 *Hommage a Fats Waller*

1369 *Hommage a Debussy*

1370 *For Miss Black*

1371 *Don't blame me*

RAY McKINLEY TRIO:

Michael 'Peanuts' Hucko (clt); Mel Powell (p); Ray McKinley (d)

Paris — Spring 1945

ST1376 *Sugar*

ST1377 *After you've gone*

ST1378 *Shoemaker's apron*

ST1379 *China boy*

CBS (F) 63.052 (53/9d.)

DJANGO REINHARDT'S name is emblazoned on the cover of this LP to an extent that the unwary customer might not at first realise that he is only present on four titles. However, what he does play is so superb that it almost justifies the purchase of the record by itself. On *Stompin'* there are only eight bars of solo Reinhardt, the performance in the main being given over to the unexpectedly powerful trumpet work of Bernie Privin, but the other three titles have dazzling guitar solos with that on *If Dreams* outstanding. Hucko is featured on tenor throughout the session, his rolling style showing a Bud Freeman influence, and Privin and Powell also take good solos. This is casual jam session music lifted well above the standard norm by the presence of Reinhardt. Powell's solo tracks are agreeable rather than overwhelming, the homage to Debussy being more successful than that to Waller, one would guess because this type of moody

impressionistic material is basically more congenial to Powell than stride features. *Don't blame* is a neat, melodic solo, and *For Miss Black* presents a pleasant blend of stride and Hines. The trio performances feature Hucko's Goodman-inspired clarinet playing and Powell in a Teddy Wilson mood, the best titles being *China* and *Sugar*, both of which have some cleanly executed solos from Powell.

The decision on whether or not a collector wants this record will depend to a great extent on his or her degree of interest in the work of the major participants. For Reinhardt admirers it should be of considerable interest. Recording is reasonable, playing time 33 minutes.

RAM RAMIREZ

ORGAN JAZZ LIVE IN HARLEM:

Roger 'Ram' Ramirez (org); Ronnie Coles (d)

Frank's Steak House, L.I. — 1960

Robbin's nest :: It don't mean a thing :: Twist this :: Sometimes I'm happy

Black and Blue (F) M 33.007 (53/9d.)

ORIGINALLY RECORDED by Stanley Dance and issued locally on the long deleted Columbia 33SX1355, the heart of this LP is the version of *Robbin's* that lasts for close on 26 minutes and comprises the whole of side one. It is a genuine tour-de-force of its kind and though I do not normally feel very enthusiastic about organ records this one is several cuts above average. There is a fair amount of showcasing on *Robbin's*, particularly at the point where one note is held for several minutes, but despite this Ramirez displays remarkable skill in pacing his solo and alternates single line passages with orchestral effects, or almost guitar-like phrasing with sudden bursts of sound, gradually bringing the full resources of his instrument into play. Somehow he manages to sustain interest over most of the length of his solo, rather more successfully in fact than some organists who can make a six minute solo seem like a twenty-six minute one. *It don't* is flashier and is taken at a fast tempo, but swing well, *Twist* is a relaxed blues improvisation, and *Sometimes* is a well conceived solo in terms of texture and pacing. Coles gives effective support except at one point on *It don't* where his drum work is quite chaotic.

LUIS RUSSELL AND HIS ORCHESTRA

Henry Ailen (tpt, vcl-1); Robert Cheek, Gus Aiken (tpt); Dickie Wells (tbn); Albert Nicholas (clt, alt); Henry Jones (alt); Greely Walton (ten); Luis Russell (p); Will Johnson (g); George 'Pops' Foster (bs); Paul Barbarin (d); Chick Bullock (vcl-2)

New York City — August 28, 1931

NOVEMBER EVENTS

NOVEMBER is to be an important month for British jazz with considerable activity, especially in and around London. The past three months have seen a dramatic increase in venues for New Jazz. After a year of successful Monday nights at the 100 Oxford Street Club the London Jazz Centre has expanded its work to sponsor regular Wednesday night sessions at the Goat Inn, Sopwell Lane, St. Albans; and it hopes that by the time this edition appears its Saturday nights at Bedford College, Regents Park, W.1. will have recommenced. Another major improvement (albeit as yet poorly supported) is the establishment of a six night a week resident gig at the Upstairs Room of Ronnie Scott's, mainly featuring week long stands by the newer players, something never before available to New Jazz players in Britain.

Newest addition to the scene is the Crucible at 6a New Compton St., W.C.2. (a premises long associated with jazz, of all types during the forties and fifties, including Pete Paine's Delta Jazz club, home of Mike Daniels, The Falado, and Zanzibra, and for a long while as Le Metro a good jamming spot). It operates on Fridays and Saturdays as home base for Mike Westbrook's Concert Band, with groups such as Chris McGregor's, Keith Tippett, and Alan Skidmore filling in when Mike is working out of town.

In addition to these West End spots the Albion club at the King's Head, Fulham Broadway, Thursdays; the Peanuts at the King's Arms, Bishopsgate, Fridays, and the Greyhound on Sundays in

70195-1 *You rascal you-1*

70196-1 *Goin' to town-2*

70197-1 *Say the word-2*

70198-1 *Freakish blues*

RCA(F) M 86.585 (18/4d.)

THERE ARE good solos on these tracks but the tremendous ensemble impact of the Russell band of the Okeh recordings is absent. *Say* sounds like a stock score and apart from a good Allen solo the performance is mediocre, with Bullock contributing a thoroughly undistinguished vocal. The latter applies also to *Goin'* but the band is in livelier form and there are excellent solos from Wells, Nicholas and Allen. Wells is the most consistently inventive soloist on this date, taking a splendid solo on *You* which is otherwise a feature for Allen both as vocalist and trumpeter. This is an agreeable if inconsequential track. *Freakish* is the best performance of the four, having solos from Jones (pleasant), Allen (good), Wells (very fine) and Cheek (good), with ensemble passages that are less routine than on the other tracks.

This is a useful filler for collectors with a particular interest in the artist or in 'thirties big bands, but is a poor second best to the fine Parlophone LP. Recording is reasonable.

SWEET PEASE SPIVEY

Sweet Pease Spivey (vcl) acc Henry Allen (tpt); Charlie Holmes (alt); Luis Russell (p); Will Johnson (g)

New York City — November 25, 1929.

57554-1 *Day breaking blues*

57555-2 *Heart breakin' blues*

57556-1 *Leaving your baby*

57557-1 *Longing for home*

RCA(F) M 86.586 (18/4d.)

ADDIE 'Sweet Pease' Spivey, sister of the better known Victoria, was a less sophisticated singer than the latter, her delivery sounding harsher and her voice less flexible. She was, nevertheless, more than adequate, and on these conventional blues items sustains interest reasonably well, with *Heart breakin'* offering the best vocal of the set. Will Johnson has a competent solo on *Longing* but for the rest Allen and Holmes provide introductions and fill-ins only, capably if without deep conviction. One suspects that Miss Spivey's rather inflexible phrasing and general style was a little too downhome for the musicians and that as a result they played with more conservatism than would have been the case if they had been backing a singer of greater rhythmic resources. In all a moderately satisfying example of this aspect of the blues, but by no means an essential one.

Redhill continue valiantly to keep presenting many of the most talented of today's young musicians.

On the concert scene there are two major items: The second of the London Jazz Centres winter series, presented this year in collaboration with the London School of Economics Jazz Society at the Old Theatre L.S.E. on Thursday, 13th November at 7.30 p.m. features the Alan Skidmore Quintet and the Mike Pine Octet. Tickets from L.J.C.S. 5 Egmont House, 116 Shaftesbury Ave., W.1. The series started last month with the premiere of Stan Tracey's new suite for his big band *The Seven Ages of Man*; and on December 4th will present a Mike Taylor Memorial Concert featuring an all-star group assembled by Dave Gelly. The other major concert is on Sunday 16th November at the Mermaid Theatre, Puddle Dock, E.C.4. when Mike Westbrook will debut his most ambitious work so far, *Earthrise*; commissioned by Sir Bernard Miles, it promises to be a radical step forward, incorporating up to 25 performers, stage sets, lighting, film projections, dancers etc in an entirely original 100% jazz context.

Remember jazz is essentially a living, progressing art form, with an increasing amount of its new talent emerging this side of the Atlantic so that your support for the clubs on which it depends for its continuance becomes ever more important. Don't let the musicians down.

JOHN JACK

SLAM STEWART

BOWIN' SINGIN' SLAM:

Johnny Guarneri (p); Slam Stewart (bs); Sammy Weiss (d)
New York City — September 20, 1944

- 5718 *Bowin' singin' Slam*
- 5719 *Gliss me again*
- 5720 *Deuces wild*
- 5721 *Deuces wild*
- 5722 *New exercise in swing*
- 5723 *My blue heaven*

New York City — November 7, 1944

- 5739 *I'm in the mood for love*
- 5740 *Firebird*
- 5741 *That old black magic*
- 5742 *Hangover*

Erroll Garner (p); Mike Bryan (g); Slam Stewart (bs); Harold 'Doc' West (d)
New York City — January 30, 1945

- 5780 *Play, fiddle play (Play, gypsy, play)*
- 5781 *Dark eyesky*

Savoy-Musicdisc (F) M SA-6032 (31/6d.)

THE FIRST ten tracks were originally recorded under Guarneri's name. Guarneri is something

of a musical chameleon, showing strong influences of Teddy Wilson (*I'm in the mood*), Basie (*My blue*, *Firebird*) and Waller (*Hangover*, the two *Deuces*), occasionally switching influences in the course of the same solo. This could result in his playing being of little or no interest but in fact he somehow manages to incorporate these influences without losing all traces of his own personality, his solos benefitting from good timing and swing. On *That old*, the latter part of *Deuces wild*, and *New exercise*, the piano solos lean less heavily than usual on others, that on the former title being perhaps his best on the LP. Stewart, as expected, goes into his familiar bowing-humming routine on most tracks, and though this can become a little wearisome his technical proficiency and rhythmic strength come across clearly when he reverts to his role as an integral part of the trio. On the final two tracks Erroll Garner enters into the spirit of the performances, producing a very fine solo on *Dark*.

TOP TENORS

BUD FREEMAN AND HIS GROUP:

Bud Freeman (ten); Dick Cary (p); George Barnes (g); Jack Lesberg (bs); Don Lamond (d)

New York City — December 1953

- 20257 *I guess I'll have to change my plans*
- 20258 *I could write a book*
- 20271 *Sweet Georgia Brown*
- 20272 *Three little words*
- 20273 *Blue moon*
- 20274 *Indian summer*

EDDIE MILLER AND HIS ORCHESTRA:

Charles Griffard, Bobby Goodrich, Bruce Hydson (tpt), Abe Lincoln, Ed Kusby, Moe Schneider (tbn); Eddie Miller, Clyde Rogers (ten); Doc Rando, Ray Lunsdale (alt); Matty Matlock (clt), Stan Wrightsman (p); Hilton 'Nappy' Lamare (g, vcl-1); Art Shapiro (bs); Nick Fatool (d)

Los Angeles — February 4, 1944

- 203 *The hour of parting*
- 204 *My Monday date*
- 205 *Yesterdays*
- 206 *I'm gonna stomp Mr. Henry Lee-1*

Wingy Manone (tpt); Irving Verret (tbn, vcl-1); Eddie Miller (ten, clt); Matty Matlock (clt); Stan Wrightsman (p); Hilton 'Nappy' Lamare (g); Bud Hatch (bs); Ray Bauduc (d)

Los Angeles — January 27, 1945

- 564 *Muskrat ramble*
- 567 *Cajun love song -1,2*

-2 Manone, Matlock and Hatch not present on this track

Regal M REG-2074 (22/9d.)

THE FREEMAN titles, plus *Blues for tenor* and *Margo's seal*, once comprised a 10" Capitol LP (LC-6706), while the Miller's appeared on LP anthologies and an

EP. I have always felt that these Freeman tracks are amongst the best that he recorded, the result not only of the consistent quality of his own playing throughout, but of the contributions of Barnes. There is a fair amount of unison work on these titles, by Barnes and Cary or Barnes and Freeman, and in addition the guitarist is heard both as a forceful member of a rhythm section — notably on *I could write* — and as a soloist with a more individual style than many more famous names. His choruses on *I guess*, *Blue moon* and *Indian* have some very neat touches and use the resources of the instrument well, and when one considers that he appeared on numerous 'race' recordings over the years it is clear that he is an unusually versatile musician. There is little new to be said about Freeman, for while too frequent exposure to his work makes his limitations all too clear, he still remains one of the genuinely individual stylists on his instrument, and, as is the case on this LP, when he plays at his best provides enjoyable listening.

There are enough points of stylistic resemblance between Freeman and Miller to make the latter's tracks a logical coupling. *My Monday* and *I'm gonna stomp* are Bob Crosby-ish performances, Miller sounding at his closest to Freeman on *I'm* as a result of his staccato phrases. As a ballad player I prefer Miller, his work in this genre on *Yesterdays* and *The hour* revealing a wistfulness and melodic sensitivity that often seems to elude Freeman. *Muskrat* is orthodox Dixieland, though with good solos from Miller and Verret, while *Cajun* is a blues with dialect vocal from Verret, and excellent solos.

To describe an LP is sometimes a critical evasion for dealing with an item that has few notable virtues or vices, but in this instance it is a strictly accurate description. Those readers with a liking for this area of jazz will find this a worthwhile release. It is well recorded and has a playing time of 36½ minutes.

TEDDY WILSON

Teddy Wilson (p)

New York City — October 7, 1935

- 18129-1 *Every now and then*
- 18130-1 *It never dawned on me*
- 18131-1 *Liza*
- 18132-2 *Rosetta*

New York City — November 22, 1935

- 18295-1 *I found a dream*
- 18296-1 *On treasure island*

New York City — January 17, 1936

- 18517-1 *I feel like a feather in the breeze*
- 18518-1 *Breakin' in a pair of shoes*

New York City — November 12, 1937

- 22025-1 *Don't blame me*
- 22026-1 *Between the devil and the deep blue sea*
- 22026-2 *Between the devil and the deep blue sea*

CBS(F) M 62.876 (53/9d.)

UNRUFFLED, elegant, Teddy Wilson at times gives the impression of being a pianistic equivalent

of Benny Carter. The comparison is not too fanciful when applied to basic style either, for like Carter's alto work Wilson's solos make their impression through graceful melodic variations allied to an overall sense of cohesion.

Much has been written about the Hines influence on Wilson's playing, revealed clearly enough here on *Liza* and *Every now*, but less attention has been paid to his indebtedness to the Harlem stride school as shown on this LP by the two takes of *Between the devil* (take 2 has not previously been issued). All the solos here are excellent, with *Liza*, *I found a dream*, *Don't blame* and both takes of *Between the devil* having some particularly striking passages of melodic development. Even on a basically somewhat banal theme like *Breakin' in* Wilson's melodic resourcefulness is sufficient to sustain interest, while the twin influences of Hines and the stride school are welded into a cohesive whole on *Every now*. Lacking the sheer technical virtuosity of a Tatum, or the rhythmic genius of a Hines, Wilson's achievements as a pianist have not always received their due, but while in recent years he has sometimes given the impression of playing to a set formula the solos on this release present the essence of his style at a time when he had achieved musical maturity without loss of freshness. This is, then, a very worthwhile LP, with a natural recording sound and a playing time of just over 33 minutes.

ALBERT MCCARTHY

RANDOM REFLECTIONS ON RACE / OWEN PETERSON

THERE ARE presumably sound sociological reasons for the preminence of the Jews in whatever fields they are found to be pre-eminent in (20th Century popular music, American humour, and Hollywood, to cite three obvious examples), and since I'm not knowledgeable enough to challenge the explanations of the experts, I am obliged to accept them. Example: centuries of persecution, deprivation, and forced mobility have obliged the more artistic Jews to express their talents in ways which have not had to rely on stability, property, and materials; hence, painting, sculpture, and architecture were out, while music and literature were in.

It sounds plausible, and it may be true; I just don't know enough to argue. It's also *possible* that for reasons we don't as yet understand, Jews generally are just more musical than everyone else. Or that they have a better sense of humour. An American Jewish friend told me once, 'The Negroes have their music, their rhythm; with us it's our laughter, our sense of humour.'

Such a view of the Negro was quite common thirty or forty years ago. The stereotype of the 'Happy darkie' with his shufflin' feet and natural sense of rhythm was largely unquestioned throughout the U.S. and a good deal of Western Europe. But the rise of the Civil Rights movement and the demand for human dignity — the right to be judged equal to *all* Americans — led the Negro to play down this particular attribute, for its possession had become one of the signs of his inferiority. The musical and rhythmic gifts of the Negro were embarrassments, for he was patronised in their name.

Now that some measure of equality has been obtained, however, (yes — I know there's still a long way to go), the 'natural attributes' of the Negro have come to be reinstated as virtues. The 'return to the roots' attitude of the hard bop and soul jazz devotees was an early sign; the 'black is beautiful' movement, and the change to 'Afro' styles in hair and dress is a current manifestation.

I think I should note here that whether the alleged superiority of the Negro in music and rhythm is a fact or not is largely irrelevant. What *is* relevant is whether it is generally believed — the manner in which some ethnic groups come to regard the 'national' or racial accomplishments of other groups.

I ONCE WENT into a large, cut-rate New York record store with a Negro friend; the proprietor (Jewish, as it happens) said to him, 'What are you looking for — Jazz?' My friend could have been offended — except that he's used to this sort of thing — not merely because he was being typed (which of course he was) — but because the very act of typing implied condescension — a completely unstated but clearly implied 'oh, he's just a nigger — show him the jazz section.' Even if the

man hadn't *meant* to be patronising, generations of prejudice and oppression ensure that it would seem that way. Nowadays, it's difficult for a white m.c. on a TV show to avoid putting himself in this position when he smilingly congratulates a black performer or group, he cannot do it on his own terms, for history — indeed, the facts of the present, are looking over his shoulder as he speaks. A man carrying a guitar, and wearing a beard and sandals, however would not be similarly offended if the salesman had asked him, 'Do you want the folk music section?' although the rationale behind the question may well have been identical.

As an Englishman in America, I never minded being called a 'limey bastard' — nor, I imagine, does the average red-blooded American (a phrase, incidentally, contemptuously used by American Jews to describe the Goyim) mind being referred to as a 'wasp'. These epithets may be used very bit as aggressively as 'nigger', 'kike', or 'spic', but there is little or no sting to them. Why is this?

The answer lies partly in the past. The limey and the wasp have no history of persecution to make them sensitive to such names, therefore the names have no power to hurt them. Persecution breeds shame and guilt in the persecuted. The intelligent American Negro may not want to feel ashamed of his colour or his hair texture, and consciously he may not, but centuries of oppression and prejudice have forced shame into his subconscious from early childhood on. The little child who is told 'come away, that's for white folks' when he steps into forbidden territory has no protection within himself against the damage this situation does to his psyche. As an adult, he can rationalise the treatment he receives at the hands of an unthinking white society, but as the damage has already been done, he has only a disfigured inner-self to work with. Everything in American culture — from standards of beauty in Hollywood to the cosmetic ads in the white-and black- magazines, has been drumming into him for years the fact that his physical appearance is undesirable, and can only be made less so insofar as he is able to bring it in line with the caucasian 'norm'. Can a black man or woman be beautiful? Yes, America tells him, but only if, like Harry Belafonte or Lena Horne, he is physically 'white' first. Slowly, however, the position is changing — and documentaries on the education of black children currently being undertaken by black militants in places like New York and Philadelphia give hope that the changes will be permanent — and as the Negro finally gains respect and equality, he will not take offence if generalizations are made about his 'natural' sense of rhythm (I find the rather desperate attempts of black comedians like Godfrey Cambridge to laugh at their situation a hopeful sign; when ghetto humour becomes marketable to the country at large, one must assume that the country at large will come to examine the condi-

tions which produce the humour. I trust that I'm not being too optimistic) — again, whether such generalizations are valid or not. My friend won't feel as though he's being patronised when white shopkeepers ask insensitive questions, just as I don't feel patronised when an American asks me, in an exaggerated 'English' accent, if I'd like a 'spot of tea'.

GO BACK TO the Jews. Assuming that no-one would bother to question my earlier assertions about 20th Century popular music (Jerome Kern, George and Ira Gershwin, Irving Berlin, Rodgers and Hart, Harold Arlen, Jule Styne, Leonard Bernstein, Frank Loesser, Burton Lane, Kurt Weill, Lerner and Loewe, and many many more), or American humour (Jack Benny, George Burns, Milton Berle, Myron Cohen, Buddy Hackett, Sid Caesar, Woody Allen, Mel Brooks, S.J. Perelman, Eddie Cantor, Groucho Marx, Henny Youngman, Shelley Berman, and the rest), or Hollywood (you name it), how do they measure up as contributors to the world of jazz? Taking into account their dominance in popular music generally, it would surely not be surprising were they found to be heavily represented in the ranks of the star performers. Oddly enough, however, this does not seem to be the case.

Apart from a handful of dixielanders and swing band sidemen (Frankie Trumbauer, Max Kaminsky, Ziggy Elman, Joe Bushkin), and one or two successful leaders (Goodman, Shaw, Rich, Buddy Morrow), most of the jazz musicians listed in the *Encyclopedia of Jazz* who are readily identifiable as being Jewish (many have changed their names, about which more in a moment) seem to have been polarised around the bop and post-bop Kenton-Herman big band axis — people like Shorty Rogers, Shelly Manne, Terry Gibbs, Red Rodney, Frankie Socolow, Chubby Jackson, Al Cohn, Sonny Berman, Arnold Fishkin, Mel Lewis, Alvin Stoller, Stan Levey, Herb Geller, Johnny Mandel, Lou Levy, Barney Kessel.

More or less, that is. Mandel has left jazz for Hollywood and joined Elmer Bernstein and Alex North in writing for films — a doubtless lucrative pursuit which requires a high standard of musicianship. In fact, if there is a common attribute to be found in the above list of musicians, it is technical ability — they are all (or were, Berman being dead), without exception, first rate craftsmen.

AT THIS POINT, someone must be asking, 'why is he concerning himself with this topic? Is he a racist?' to which I can only answer, in reverse order, 'No', and 'because it interests me'. And surely there can be no better reason. The fact is, until recently, there was something not quite decent about dwelling on the race of a jazz musician — even in such simple terms as black and white. And in keeping with this intellectual climate, the *Encyclopedia of Jazz* makes absolutely no racial distinction between the musicians listed. If you want to know whether an obscure jazzman is black or not, you have to either find a photograph of him (unlikely, as there aren't many photographs, and those are mostly big names) or check the band-leaders he's worked for. As for the extraction of the musicians, this is even more difficult. Occasionally, as with, say Bob Carter

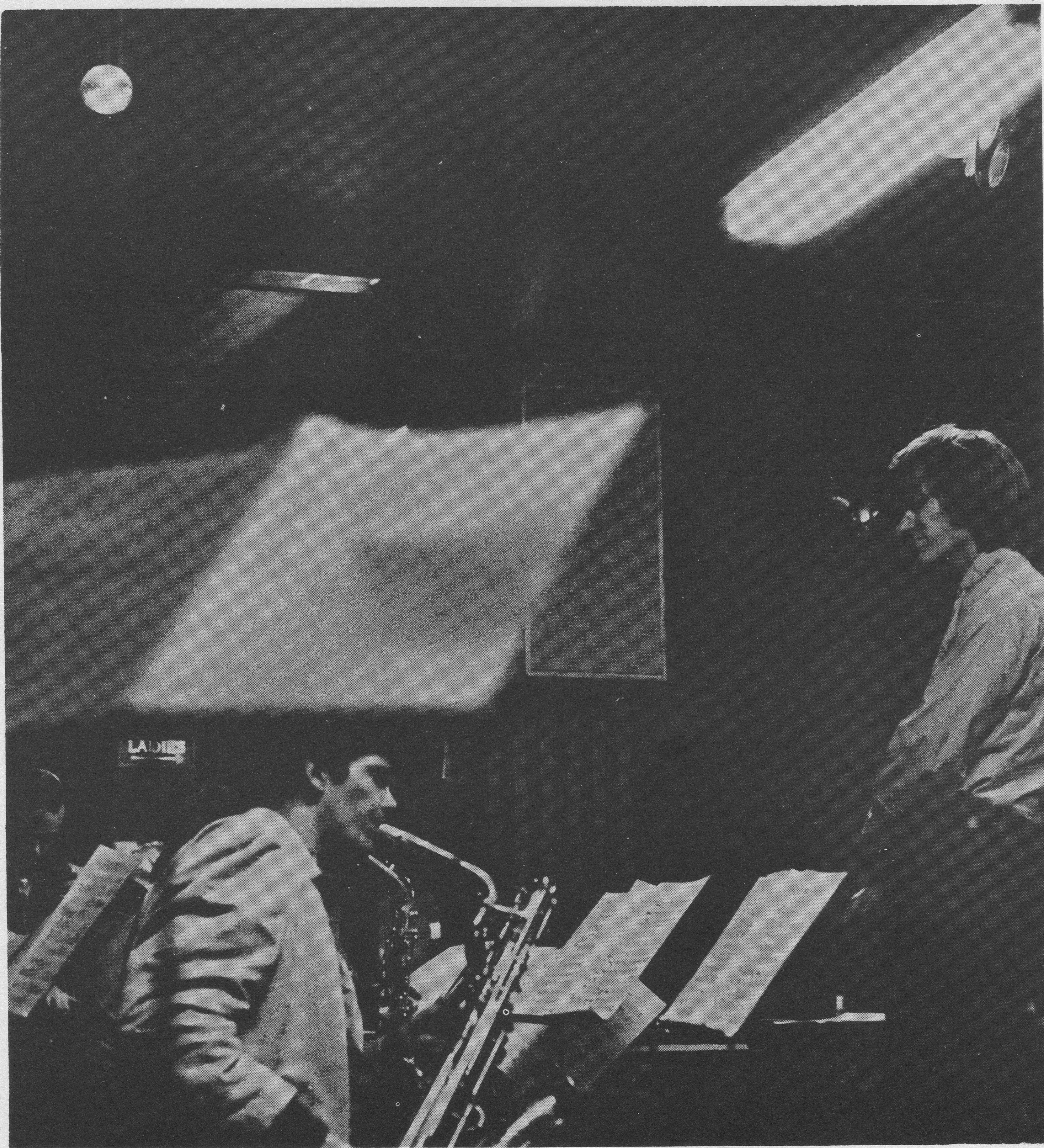
(his real name is Kahakalau, and he is of Hawaiian descent) the biogra] hy gives enough hints, but most of the time one has to guess-as indeed I did with several of the names already mentioned. This is an understandable, if pointless, piece of self-deception, especially in an encyclopedia, since we'd all like to know — and really, why not? The old Parlophone and HMV catalogues under Edgar Jackson's editorship used to helpfully put a (C) or an (N) after every black musician's name, which may have been deplorable (why?) but was certainly useful. Nowadays, presumably, we're supposed to be a bit above this sort of crude curiosity, but of course we aren't. Even Feather himself, in other parts of the book, is not averse to making a kind of parlour game out of this phenomenon (cf. Roy Eldridge's blindfold test).

PERHAPS IT ISN'T supposed to matter, but in some uncomfortably insistent way, it does. For example, is Aaron Bell black? If one checks the bands he has worked with, one would assume he was, especially since he started his professional career with Andy Kirk, but one can't be sure, and the book doesn't say. For years I had assumed he was white, although I've no idea why — maybe he *sounds* white (I mean his name, not his playing — although that's another story). A member of the older generation I used to work with went from 1944 to 1958 thinking that Ella Mae Morse was black, and didn't learn the truth until he saw her on TV. I had a similar experience — for a shorter length of time — with Al Haig. And what about Horace Silver? For years I had gone along not really knowing, but afraid to ask — partly because I didn't want to be laughed at, and partly because I thought, well, of course, he *must* be. But I wasn't sure. I had never actually seen him, and while he always used black musicians, he had first come to my attention as an accompanist to Stan Getz, and in his photographs he looked white. Finally I came right out and asked a friend (one of the more obscure American critics, but a knowledgeable and enthusiastic jazz fan). I fully expected my question to be greeted with derision, but, funnily enough, *he didn't know either*. We had both been paralyzed by our liberalism. 'I think he's Portuguese or something', he said.

The truth of the matter is that nearly all Americans are obsessed with the ethnic background of everyone they meet — and with public figures in particular. A Jewish friend of mine can give you the 'nationality' of just about any musician, movie star, or singer you care to name ('Did you know,' he might say to me solemnly, 'that Steve Lawrence was really Sidney Liebowitz?'), and his ability to ferret out the 'real' identity of the Connie Francis and the Alan Dales is quite remarkable.

Whether this is good or bad is beside the point — it is a fact of life in a multi-racial society like the United States. To become a star, it has been thought to be necessary to become an Anglo-Saxon. George Hendleman is known publicly as George Handy, Bob Chudnick turns into Red Rodney (could any name be more thoroughly Anglo-Irish-All-American apple pie than *Red Rodney*?), and when my Jewish friend embarks upon a career as a singer, he calls himself Alan Steele. The American dream!

Fortunately, the situation is changing — at least one hopes so. No-one, at any rate, is meant to think that Barbra Streisand is Irish, and Sidney Poitier is manifestly not a seven-eighths Caucasian with a sun-tan. Maybe it won't be too long before everyone can keep his racial identity without worrying about bigoted bookers and club owners blocking their careers. Moe Zudekoff can *be* Moe Zudekoff, and Julius Gubenko can be Julius Gubenko, and no-one will think anything of it.



Mike Westbrook rehearses for the "Metropolis" Concert at the "100" Club. John Jack gives news of another new work in his notes on page 15.

THREE TO EUROPE / JOHN B. LITWEILER

WHATEVER THE satisfactions, to talented, creative musicians, of performing formally at haphazard intervals, seldom being paid more than the Union-prescribed minimum, and continually working either with other musicians in the same paralyzing circumstances or else rock/rhythm-and-blues jobs for more-or-less steady incomes — whatever delights this way of life holds for the likes of Chicago's Art Ensemble (Roscoe Mitchell and Joseph Jarman, alto saxes; Lester Bowie, trumpet; Malachi Favors, bass) and Anthony Braxton Trio (Braxton, alto; Leo Smith, trumpet; Leroy Jenkins, violin), they are as nothing compared with the absurdly Utopian ideal of performing their original music steadily in formal presentations, thereby earning a modest degree of security such as farm hands, taxi drivers, menials, etc. possess. Thus the Art Ensemble at the end of May, and the Braxton Trio, at the end of June, left Chicago to sail for Europe, the American jazz musicians' Promised Land.

The departure of these seven Dreamers of the Impossible, or at least Highly Improbable, Dream is a grim commentary on the new music movement in Chicago. Sustained largely by the continuity involvement and hope offered by their courageous co-operative The Association for the Advancement of Creative Musicians (with its continuing concert series, lively and optimistic propaganda, and remarkable music school which offers free instruction in a variety of courses, including theory, black music history, individual instrumental training, etc., to south side black ghetto youths), these seven players have now concluded that the Midwestern U.S. is exhausted of opportunity — more, journeys to the West Coast and the East (specifically, New York) have been even less rewarding. But already the Art Ensemble players have found an audience in France — so they report to Chicago friends — and if their continuing reception in Europe is at all respectable, their stay will surely be an extended one. Nothing could be better for these players, and listeners in your part of the planet are likely to find few more stimulating musical experiences in the months, or perhaps years to come.

Last year in *Jazz Monthly* Terry Martin described the Chicago new music community, indicating the considerable promise of the then-budding music. Most of what Martin wrote then remains true — unfortunately, for many of these Chicago musicians (most of them are young, ie under 35) have not yet seriously explored the implicit range and emotional import of their talents. Certainly the pathetic deaths of Christopher Gaddy, a skillful, original pianist who might have become an important individual talent, and bassist Charles Clark, from the beginning the busiest, most popular AACM member, heightened the sadness of the jazz scene. More often than not, Chicago groups and individual musicians tended to surrender their special freedom — to use "freedom" in the broad, accurate, ie. less idiomatic and contemporary sense — in favor

of fulfilling personal programmes. Thus Joseph Jarman, who believed implicitly in programme music, had by summer, 1968, reached a creative impasse. A composer with rare skill at orchestration, his writing had crumbled to once-in-a-long-while quartet lines (*As if it were the seasons*: one striking phrase mixed judiciously with Bert Bacharach-like ineffectualities); a virtuoso alto and soprano saxophonist, his improvisations had increasingly become set pieces in two or three tempos and his work on other woodwinds sometimes even sounded amateurish; blessed with a beautiful straight-ahead linear mind, he chose to leave his original talents dormant in favour of inventing moods and effects with dozens of bells, toys, etc. — his arsenal of new sound effects is ever-growing, and in the Art Ensemble's last concert he trifled with theramin and electric guitar.

THIS PREOCCUPATION of Jarman's is shared by at least half of his Chicago cohorts, and among the seven expatriates alone there must be 500 separate instruments: entire families of woodwinds, marimbas, wooden things, gongs, exotic string instruments, gourds, a huge parade drum, tiny cymbals, etc. etc. Jarman seems to be the most compulsive about accumulating sound effects devices, and has found less to do with them (Mitchell and Bowie, for instance, find ways to treat the devices as musical instruments) — in fact, Jarman seems mainly interested in simply making sounds, much as you or I might do. Overall, Jarman's music, from its first exploratory stages to the present, exhibits a deceptive virtuoso skill and self-confidence which masks periods of deliberate remarkably perceptive exploration alternating with longer periods of often extreme caution. Thus his failure to come to grips with the possibilities of his "little instruments"; thus his dependence on nominally "free" group improvisation which inevitably recalls past efforts; thus the lack of variety, in every way, that has characterized most of his composing since early 1967 — clearly a case of overkill. In his cautious mood Jarman so dominated his little groups (Clark bass; drummer Thurman Barker; and, for a year, Gaddy) that a minimum of genuine exploration was taking place by a year ago — he was becoming a sort of musical Jackson Pollock, but with a limited palette. Accordingly he reverted briefly to a less romantic manner (adding fresh instrumentalists, blending his gallery of effects with "conventional" rhythms, tempos, formats) with satisfying results. When Mitchell, Bowie and Favors returned from their 1968 San Francisco summer Jarman chose to perform almost exclusively with them, making the Art Ensemble a permanent quartet. It was the best possible move for all concerned. It is likely that the June, 1967 Roscoe Mitchell Art Ensemble concert which Terry Martin described in *Down Beat* was the most important single event in jazz in recent years. That wonderful event had a bitter aftermath: drummer Philip Wilson, a crucial



ROScoe MITCHELL

photograph by Terry Martin

force in the music, lost his steady gig with a well-known Chicago blues singer and shortly wound up travelling with the immensely popular Paul Butterfield Blues Band (which at the time included Mitchell's former tenor saxist Gene Dinwiddie and later added a self-confessedly Mitchell-inspired altoist, the very fluent Davey Sanborn). The "Little instruments" thus of necessity gained added importance in the Mitchell group's music, without adequately replacing the absent percussionist; occasional formal and informal experiments with other drummers hardly even approximated the balance and necessary interplay of that "perfect" quartet — young, adaptable Bob Crowder on a fine recording; one of Mitchell's original partners, the very talented Alvin Fielder; even Wilson, on infrequent occasions when the Butterfield and Mitchell bands' paths crossed.

IT BECAME quickly apparent that no Messiah was coming to fill Wilson's place; aside from two or three successes, Mitchell, Favors and Bowie could not between themselves replace the absent drummer or invent a three-man music with their odd instrumentation. In time Mitchell's own strange preoccupation with thematic improvisation and an increasing group orientation toward percussion variations changed the very character of the music. The prime disruptive force was Mitchell's insistence on variations and elaborations of rhythmically very simple themes — on woodwinds, but even more, on the "little instruments" — which sometimes achieved the very banality which a more self-aware Mitchell had on some past occasions referred to as emotional counterpoint to otherwise very wide-ranging improvisations. Bowie came to largely abandon his

battery of "little instruments", a bass drum excepted, but Favors — at most times, the most dependable of the three — has found himself improvising sound effects à la Jarman. On occasion the Art Ensemble demonstrated a clear lack of the group sensitivity that had been its birthright.

But Jarman had frequently worked with the Art Ensemble in earlier times, always performing at his best, leading the other three into abstract areas (*Number 2*). Emotionally Jarman seems to thrive on highly structured music built on free-flowing sequences; if Mitchell, Bowie and Favors do not always provide that, they do provide ever-alert, complementary interplay — and in return, Jarman adds an important sonic density to the group. Moreover, Jarman and Mitchell together are a perfect partnership: their styles, formed at the same time, are based on similar materials, but where Mitchell's sound is hard and true, often harsh, Jarman's is clear and pure, and, when he chooses, more expressive; Jarman, too, is attracted to thematic devices, but they are woven into the fabric of an almost entirely melodic approach, whereas Mitchell's music is subject to the whims of a flux of emotions and passing thematic fancies; both, of course, are far more variegated saxophonists than this brief rundown can fairly describe, even occasionally exchange styles (if not sounds), and Bowie and Favors, outstanding creators on their respective instruments, reinforce ideally. A special delight was last autumn's DePaul University concert, which enclosed both raging and precisely sensitive ensemble improvisation and very beautiful Jarman alto work within a wistful mid-autumn rural mood; two months later, joining Mitchell to sit in with the locally popular Claudine Myers organ group, Bowie created the finest, most iconoclastic trumpet solos I have yet heard him play — on ballads, rock tunes, and up-tempo bop/modal swingers; a month later, all four offered unbelievable individual performances within Richard Abrams's AACM Big Band. Taken on its current terms, the four man Art Ensemble remains the most creative and far-ranging group in today's jazz; these are relatively young musicians even now just beginning on an utterly unique journey of musical discovery.

As individuals and as an ensemble, Braxton, Jenkins and Smith are hardly comparable to the Art Ensemble. Both in performance and in design they are hardly an ensemble at all, but three separately-inclined individuals with few sympathetic musical attitudes and a random approach to Free improvisation. Admittedly, their Delmark LP of last year does not do them justice — at their frequently-heard best Braxton, Jenkins and Smith *are* sensitive players, genuinely creative within an idiom both outlined by other Chicagoans and derived from textbook sources. The music is academic and arbitrary (even Mitchell's and Jarman's failures at least are enveloped within some well-defined individual or ensemble continuity), and Braxton often seems determined to destroy whatever collective ensemble tendencies appear in the course of the Trio's performances.

BRAXTON'S ALTO style was by and large set 2½ years ago; harmonically exacerbated lyricism which either poured forth freely in gnarled melodic shapes or else rose to a frenzy of harmonic convolution which could only be resolved by harsh shrieks and gasps. The only change since then has been improved technique and a recurring confidence with rhythmically more daring ideas. At times the rhythmic evenness of his phrase lengths and rests, even of the notes within phrases, becomes monotonous; too, there is the danger of long solos becoming simply florid — that seems to be a possibility for most heavily-

Coltrane influenced saxophonists — but this catalogue of Braxton's flaws is misleading. His failures occur as frequently as those of any other worthwhile mainstream saxist; his successes can be exhilarating. In the beginning it seemed as if Braxton's music might mature into a highly flexible approach to tempos and rhythmic development; this has not happened, but Braxton seems to be less dogmatic in his attitudes (and the potential pitfalls of his music are less self-destructive) than his New York post-Coltrane counterparts (Shepp, Pharaoh, Barbieri, etc.), and as a musician he appears to me to be the superior of the highly-praised Shepp, for instance.

Smith and Jenkins present a less-formed music. A budding trumpeter who at odd times attempts to present a Bowie-like expressionism, Smith's most interesting work tends along conservative lines — but even good Smith solos always conclude in several minutes of mind-bending evenly-spaced held notes and almost amateurishly banal fragments, as though he is reluctant to give up until utterly convinced that inspiration will not return. In the last year he has occasionally exhibited notable melodic sureness, and he has acquired a marvellous wind instrument which looks like a wooden bagpipe, or perhaps a shopful of bicycle horns imbedded in a bowling ball — it sounds like bicycle horns, and Smith plays this beastie with surprising skill. As for Leroy Jenkins, I'm afraid Larry Kart accurately described his music, in *Down Beat*, as "endless cadanzas to a romantic fiddle concerto". Jenkins is the one who continually attempts to inspire a sense of group feeling and collective Free improvisation; Braxton and Smith usually ignore him, possibly because they don't understand him. All three attack the "little instruments" with Primary Grade skills, though Jenkins is at least dramatic and Braxton has attained respectable proficiency with his secondary woodwinds. At best the Braxton Trio, then, seems like three individuals with a few points of contact offering interesting Electronic-stimulated music.

I had intended to close this piece by noting the farewell Chicago concerts by these players, but only got to hear Braxton and Smith (along with Favors) at a late-May set led by pianist John Gilmore, a performance which certainly reaffirmed my earlier admiration for Braxton's lyrical spirit and the rhythmic force of his lines; but Smith was not at his best that evening. The May 31 Art Ensemble concert, which preceded by just a few hours their Chicago departure, was a sentimental occasion which featured almost continuous Bowie trumpet, complex percussion moods on ringing objects, a sudden, perfect silence that lasted several minutes in the midst of the performance, and at the very end Jarman stalking the aisles passing out small American flags on wooden sticks to a delighted audience (predictably, one fan set fire to his flag, to merry cheers; unpredictably, there was no *Chicago Tribune* aghast story-plus-kill the Commie editorial about it the next day). The Chicago new music scene is by no means bankrupt now that these seven vital players have left. The most interesting remaining features, in my opinion, are the fact that Richard Abrams has begun composing again; that tenorist Maurice McIntyre frequently offers powerful lyrical, free performances; that John Gilmore, composer of striking rhythmic cameos and a classical music-influenced jazz pianist, is inventing a new free-flowing group music featuring a wide scope of approaches within a consistent, thoughtful framework; most importantly, that altoist-tenorist Henry Threadgill, years ago a



JOSEPH JARMAN

photograph by Terry Martin

schoolmate of Mitchell and Jarman, has retired from the Army and moved to Chicago to concentrate on music. In a July concert he played alto exclusively, exhibiting perhaps the most powerful sound yet heard on that abused instrument, playing completely natural lines with profound ease and deliberate emphasis on the expressive content of each phrase. Indeed, one extremely long solo was a single, continuous improvised melody over a slow tempo alternating with a cappella, a completely and totally *sensitive* work. The modal/vamp settings of his solos and the relative un-involvement of his three partners suggest that Threadgill is even now in a time of self-discovery, not having found an appropriate medium for his ideas — however strong and mature he is at present, however perfect his instincts indeed are. The aesthetic promise of a Mitchell or a Jarman is implicit in Threadgill's music, and his further adventures will surely inspire Chicago's new music community in months to come. Meanwhile, you European and United Kingdom readers are strongly urged to hear the Anthony Braxton Trio and especially the Art Ensemble (sometimes billed as "Joseph Jarman & Company", when Jarman contracts the gig) for evenings of rewarding contemporary black music.

LESSER KNOWN BANDS OF THE FORTIES / JIM BURNS

No.12 BOBBY SHERWOOD, ELLIOT LAWRENCE AND OTHERS

THIS IS THE final article in the present series during the course of which I've tried to focus attention on a few bands (or, in some cases, a certain period of a band's existence) which seem to me to have been neglected in the jazz history books. I've never believed that the correct study of any particular era involves dealing with only a handful of major artists, and in fact one could claim that the minor personalities do sometimes typify the mood of the times more than the giants whose styles transcend the fashionable limitations imposed on them. From a personal point of view I have to admit to a taste for probing into the obscure and offbeat, and the failures often interest me almost as much as those who succeeded. One has to be sensible about this, of course, and properly aware of the achievement of musicians like Parker and Gillespie. Still, the minor frequently has an odd kind of charm, even if only of the nostalgic variety.

Most of the bands I've dealt with did record a reasonable number of records and so it has been possible to discuss them in detail. There are others, however, which either didn't record regularly or were almost unknown in this country. In this article I want to mention two or three of these bands and also correct a few minor errors in previous pieces which alert readers have pointed out to me.

The upsurge of interest in "progressive" jazz in the late-1940's led to a certain amount of pretentious music being produced by Boyd Raeburn and Stan Kenton. Another bandleader who made at least one record which should be included in any survey of this ill-fated movement was Bobby Sherwood, whose *Sherwood's Forest* was recorded in 1946. Sherwood was active in the Capitol and Savoy studios in the middle-1940s, but little of his total output has ever been available here. His *The Elk's Parade* was a popular hit and still often played on AFN record programmes in the late-1940s and early-1950s. The brief note in Simon's *The Big Bands* seems to imply that Sherwood had a potentially talented and adventurous organisation but failed to apply himself enough to make the most of his opportunities. Amongst the musicians who appeared with Sherwood at one time or another were Ray Sims, Herbie Haymer, Dave Pell, Skip Layton, Roy Harte and Ike Carpenter, who also played with Boyd Raeburn and later led a band of his own which made occasional use of imaginative scores. Kitty Kallen — best known, perhaps, for her pleasant work on such discs as Jimmy Dorsey's *Star Eyes* and Harry James's *I'm beginning to see the light* and *It's been a long, long time* — sang with the Sherwood band in the early-1940s.

Sherwood's Forest was the only one of the band's discs to have really survived the 1940s — it appeared on anthologies issued in the 1950s, and is worthy of re-issue now — and has much to recommend it. One is never conscious of the phoney dramatics which marred some of Kenton's efforts in this field, nor does it



BOBBY SHERWOOD

have the light-orchestral effect of Raeburn's *Over the rainbow*. The trumpet-section impresses throughout and there is an excellent passage where the trombones play a distant theme (somewhat reminiscent of the muted trumpet section of Kenton's *Concerto to end all concertos*) over an offbeat rhythm which is very effective. I wouldn't claim that *Sherwood's Forest* is an important record — a curate's egg is a better description — but it deserves to be listened to and makes one curious about Sherwood's other sides.

Looking through discographies over the years I've often been intrigued by references to Lyle Griffin's *Flight of the vout bug*, but it was only recently that I managed to hear the record itself. Griffin — a trombonist — recorded a handful of sides for Atomic (he was incidentally, the original founder of this label) and generally seems to have been active in California. As far as I've been able to establish he is not involved in the music business now. References to "vout" were numerous on discs recorded in the middle-1940s, particularly on the West Coast where the ebullient Slim Gaillard was then livening things up. *Flight of the vout bug* is not, however, an exercise in esoterica but a first-rate instrumental featuring some splendid work by Lucky Thompson and Dodo Marmarosa. There is, it's true, a novelty approach in the way the band stimulates the effect of an insect zipping around, but even this is done in a thoroughly musical manner. The band — it included Al Killian, Hal McKusick, Harry Babasin and Cee-Pee Johnson — achieved a good, tight sound and provided a neat backing for Thompson. Its competency was also demonstrated on *Deep in the blues* which was a feature for vocalist David Allen

(or Allyn, as he was then known). Allen is to my mind one of the most under-rated singers of the past twenty years and it's unfortunate that many of his records have never been issued here. The few which have — the superb "David Allen sings Jerome Kern" LP on Vogue, is a good example — didn't receive the attention they deserved.

Discographers might like to attempt clearing up a mystery surrounding *Flight of the vout bug*. Various listings have shown this track as having a vocal by 'Lord' Buckley, but to my surprise (and I have to admit to having extended the error by referring to Buckley's presence on the disc in an article some time ago) the record is a straightforward instrumental performance. According to Ernie Edwards, the doyen of big-band discographers, the re-issue of *Vout bug* on Hip was definitely labelled "Richard 'Lord' Buckley with Lyle Griffin All Stars". It's also worth noting that the collection of transcriptions of Buckley monologues ("Hiparama of The Classics") published by City Lights Books, also refers to his being available on record on the Hip label. It is, of course, possible that Buckley's voice was dubbed over the band for the Hip release. Does anyone have further information on this point?

JUMPING AHEAD a few years — to 1949, to be precise — we come to another bandleader whose late-1940s material is almost unknown in this country. Elliot Lawrence first came to our notice when his 1951 recordings of *Sixty minute man*, *Let's play a little wake up music* and *Long, dark hallway* were issued on Vogue. These are bright big-band sides and show Lawrence as having a well-drilled unit. I think the listener ought to appreciate that he was, basically, a commercial leader with better-than-average taste. *Long, dark hallway*, with a vocal by Rosalind Patton and slick but swinging section work from the band, is typical of his approach, although one has to admit that *Let's play* is easily on a par with some of the best of Woody Herman's early-1950s sides. It has the same drive and enthusiasm and a brief glance at the personnel will show that Lawrence employed a number of musicians who had also worked with Herman. One should not forget either that Tiny Kahn was the drummer on *Let's play* and his kicking style was obviously suited to the band's healthy sound.

In the middle-1940s Lawrence usually featured a mixture of sweet and swing, but by 1949 he was interested enough in bop to commission arrangements from Gerry Mulligan and spotlight tenorman Phil Urso. A photograph in the November 1949 issue of *Metronome*, captioned "Elliott Lawrence labours intently at leading his boppish young band on a date at Lakeside Park in Denver", shows Urso in the sax-section, and the notes go on to say that Mulligan was in a quintet drawn from the band which was featured on a couple of numbers. The baritonist's arrangements of *Between the devil and the deep blue sea* and *Elevation* were recorded by the Lawrence band in 1949. On *Elevation* (a Mulligan composition first used by Red Rodney's group in 1947) there is an excellent solo by Urso as well as contributions from a trumpeter and a trombonist. Mulligan's writing for the sections alternates between shouting brass passages utilising standard bop phrases and shading by the saxophones, and is in every way suited to the angular nature of the basic theme. *Elevation* may have been heard by a wider audience than usual for this type of performance because the reverse — a tune called *Gigolette* — of the original 78 release was, I believe, a minor hit for Lawrence. This was no doubt due to the novelty angle of the disc. Mike Butcher, writing about the Law-

rence band in the *New Musical Express* (July 4th, 1952) noted: "Less musically satisfying, perhaps, but just as unusual has been Eliot's use of the theramin, an electronic affair employing many valves and light cells, which was attractively featured on the soundtrack of the film *Spellbound*. Jack Hunter's vocal on *Gigolette* was mediocre (as was the tune itself) but Lawrence clearly knew what the general public wanted and the arrangement is built around the theramin, the choir, and Hunter. It could, in fact, be any studio orchestra playing instead of what was — judging from *Elevation* — a fine big-band."

It may be of value to add a brief note on Phil Urso, as it would appear that his work with Lawrence brought him into the jazz limelight. A now almost-forgotten tenorman he joined Woody Herman after leaving Lawrence in 1950 and can be heard soloing on Herman's *By George*, a tune originally written and recorded by George Shearing under the title *Bop, look and listen*. His style at that time was tonally derived from Lester Young, but he added a litheness and bop-influenced phrasing which gave character to his playing. His capacity for swinging is well displayed on four quartet tracks recorded for Savoy in 1953, and with Chet Baker in the middle-1950s he was frequently the dominant voice in the group. Little has been heard of Urso in recent years apart from on the odd occasion when he has re-joined Baker for a club appearance or a recording-date.

Boyd Raeburn's career has been dealt with in the pages of this and other magazines in recent years, but most of the surveys have tended to overlook the four tracks recorded for Atlantic in 1947. The following report from *Down Beat* (May 5th, 1948) fills in the background details: "Boyd Raeburn completed a deal with Atlantic records whereby the platter firm will press and release ten sides he cut prior to the ban. The leader cut the masters on his own, with Ahmed Ertegun, Washington socialite and jazz fan, and Herb Abramson, then National records recording director, supervising the session. Ertegun and Abramson later formed the Atlantic company". In actual fact only four of the tracks were issued (oddly enough I have never seen any references to the other six in Raeburn

RECORDS

BOBBY Sherwood's *Sherwood's Forest* is on Capitol LC6510. Jimmy Dorsey's *Star Eyes* can be found on Ace of Hearts AH114, and Harry James's *It's been a long, long time* and *I'm beginning to see the light* on Harmony HL7159. Boyd Raeburn's *Over the rainbow* is on Savoy MG12040 and Stan Kenton's *Concerto to end all concertos* on Capitol LC6517.

Lyle Griffin's *Flight of the vout bug* and *Deep in the blues* came out on Atomic 270, IRRA 270 and Hip 270. Elliot Lawrence's *Sixty minute man* is on Vogue V9024, and *Long, dark hallway* and *Let's play a little wake-up music* were coupled on Vogue V2126. The latter item can also be found on Ember CJS808. *Between the devil and the deep blue sea* was issued on American Columbia 38664 and *Elevation* and *Gigolette* on 38497. Red Rodney's version of *Elevation* is on American Emarcy MG26001. Woody Herman's *By George* is part of MGM EP-611 and George Shearing's *Bop, look and listen* on Encore ENC149. The four Phil Urso quartet tracks make up one side of London LZ-C 14016 and "Chet Baker and Crew" (Vogue LAE12076) is a good example of his work with the trumpeter. Raeburn's four Atlantic sides were issued on Atlantic 860 and 861, and Lionel Hampton's *Red top*, *Gone again*, and *Everybody's somebody's fool* are all in an excellent Hampton collection on French Decca 200-009.



THE ELLIOT LAWRENCE BAND

discographies), all of them vocal features for Ginnie Powell (Mrs. Raeburn). Johnny Richards provided the arrangements and *How high the moon* is noteworthy for the various boppish phrases it uses. *The lady is a tramp* is also good and the lyrics are neatly brought up to date, and the brooding *Trouble is a man* receives a suitably sombre treatment. Ginnie Powell has a clear-toned voice — her vocal on Raeburn's *Soft and warm*, from an earlier date, is a beautiful performance — and apart from some slight histrionics on *St. Louis Blues* she is in good form. These tracks are not amongst the best Raeburn — the arrangements lack the colour and vitality of some of his Guild and Jewel sides — but they are of interest. Raeburn was one of those leaders who, if nothing else, inspired his bands to function efficiently.

WITH REGARD to the article on Charlie Barnet which was number four in the series, Ernie Edwards points out that the soloists on *Really* are Dick Hafer (tenor), Vinnie Dean and Reuben Leon (altos), and Harry Betts, Dick Kenney and Herbie Harper (trombones). On all the other Barnet sides discussed, the modern tenor solos are by Hafer, alto solos by Dean. He also mentions that the "vocal" on *Pan Americana* is by Carlos Vidal and not Tiny Kahn, and that Margie Reed, singer on some of the Apollo sides, is actually film-actress Martha Raye.

A Lionel Hampton track I should have mentioned in the article discussing his activities in the late-1940s is the November 1947 recording of *Red top*. This has some tight, boppish unison trumpet work and indeed the whole arrangement is performed with admirable verve and skill by the band. I think I ought, too, to have drawn attention to the ballad performances of *Gone again* and

Everybody's somebody's fool, both of which show how restrained the Hampton band could be when suitable material was to hand. The latter disc has some very mellow saxophone-section passages which ideally complement Jimmie Scott's oddly attractive vocal. Incidentally, can anyone confirm that it is Jimmie Scott singing? This appears to be a male name and the singer isn't (unless the vocal is odder than I think) a male.

It would seem that my notes on the four sides recorded under Gil Fuller's name (see number nine in the series) gave more credit to Fuller than perhaps is his due. According to Alun Morgan, who recently talked with one of the musicians on this date, the arrangements were put together in the studio and utilised many of the ideas then being kicked around in New York whenever young modernists got together. It might be interesting if someone attempted to pinpoint the extent of Fuller's involvement in the arrangement. I suppose one has to accept that he directed operations, and thus brought the various ideas together, so it could be he deserves the lion's share of the credit after all.

THERE ARE A number of other bands I would like to have dealt with in this series — Ike Carpenter, Cliff Lange, Earle Spencer, Phil Moore, to name some of them — and had the records been available I would almost certainly have written something on Les Brown, who has, I think, produced sufficient jazz-inclined big-band sides to warrant more attention in jazz magazines than he receives. If the relevant material turns up perhaps a couple of chapters can be added sometime in the future.



BERT COURTNEY

TWO TRAGEDIES

Two noted British jazz musicians died this summer from causes directly attributable to the increasing pressures which impinge on members of the entertainment business. Dave Goldberg, who died in London on August 21 at the age of forty-eight, had been one of our finest guitarists for a quarter of a century. Born in Liverpool Dave and his family moved to Glasgow when he was still young. He joined the then newly-formed Ted Heath band in 1944 and became part of a rhythm section which contained drummer Jack Parnell. Goldberg was one of the first British jazzmen to grasp the essentials of bebop. Proof of his familiarity with the idiom can be found on a twelve-inch 78 issued under the by-line "Melody Maker Columbia Jazz Rally" and recorded in June, 1947. Goldberg and Harry Hayes sound at home on *Thrivin' on a riff* made at a time when most of our local musicians were still playing in the swing style. Goldberg left the Heath band to try his luck in America at the beginning of the 'fifties. He worked for a time with Les Brown and found it easier to get employment in Los Angeles by changing his name to Dave Gilbert. (Anti-Semitism is one of the earliest forms of *apartheid*.) Back in this country he worked with the Geraldo orchestra as well as a small group fronted by Phil Seamen. For some years prior to his untimely death he worked for television and film studios, occasionally writing soundtrack music but more often forming part of session bands such as the Jack Parnell Orchestra. Dave was frequently to be seen on-camera on late-night TV programmes such as the Dave Allen and David Nixon shows.

Goldberg is not represented on record as well as he should have been in the light of his qualities as a soloists. He crops up on two tracks with Dizzy Reece on a fine Tempo LP ("Dizzy Reece: Progress Report") playing one of Reece's tunes and his own *Basie Line*. A now-deleted album issued under Peter Burman's name ("Jazz Tete-A-Tete", Columbia) features Dave with two different small groups and there was his memorable *Don't blame me* showcase on a Robert Farnon Decca LP many years ago.

Bert Courtney's death was announced in September. He was forty years of age and the newspaper reports gave alcoholic poisoning as the cause of death. Bert came to the forefront in the musically excellent but short-lived Kathy Stobart band at the beginning of the 'fifties. (Derek Humble was also in the band.) Bert married Kathy and the two succeeded in making their separate careers. Courtney and bass player Jack Seymour co-led a big band for a time during 1956 then, the following year, Bert joined the Don Rendell Jazz Six. In 1958 he worked for a time with the Johnny Dankworth orchestra and the following year he formed part of the specially-assembled "Anglo-American Herd", sitting in a trumpet section completed by Reunald Jones, Nat Adderley, Les Condon and Kenny Wheeler. Despite the competition Courtney emerged as the strongest soloist in the section. Bert Courtney was a very consistent musician with a professional approach to his job, no matter what material he was called upon to play. There were once a couple of EPs under his own name in the Decca catalogue but perhaps his best-remembered solo is a strutting, Clark Terry-like feature on his own tune, *Packet of blues*, contained in the Don Rendell album "Playtime" (Decca). ALUN MORGAN

I HEARD JOHN Surman 'in person' a few days earlier than Roger Cotterrell did, and share his enthusiasm. Surman's appearance, with a quartet, at Rotherham Civic Theatre in May, was part of the town's Arts Festival, and a rare feast for this jazz-starved region. Mike Osborne (alto), Harry Miller (bass), and Alan Jackson (drums), were the other musicians concerned, and their music had an all-embracing realism which made their psychedelic bush-shirts irrelevant. I cannot write about the music without repeating much of what Cotterrell has already said plainly, but I would add a point which he missed and which seems important. All the members of Surman's quartet — plus most of the men Cotterrell heard — are currently members of the Mike Westbrook band, and involved in the kind of experimental thinking which such status entails. Listening to recent broadcasts by the Westbrook group, one gathers that, while it is obviously a vehicle for its leader's extremely lively ideas, it is also a highly co-operative association of young, adventurous players. The current Westbrook emphasis is on the lengthy exploitation of particular themes and moods, with extended freedom for soloists (often out-of-tempo in a manner pioneered by George Russell in *Honesty*), and the tongue-in-cheek use of popular modes like rock and Afro-Latin. As Alun Morgan pointed out in *Jazz on Record*, the chief stimuli to Westbrook's style are Ellington and Mingus. The way in which the band launches into a blatantly rock-ish theme and roars headlong into a cacaphonic frenzy of free extemporization strikes me as a clear extension of Mingus technique. A quartet cannot be this ambitious, but traces of the same kind of eclecticism were there in the Rotherham performance.

After a brief opening number (a Surman composition whose title I forget), Surman announced that several themes, some by Carla

Prompted by the frequent appearance of poetry in the wartime Jazz Music, I sent my first poems on jazz themes to Albert McCarthy in (I think) 1943. He didn't publish them, thank goodness, but he returned comments which typically combined admonition with encouragement. He has published several since, and the last batch was submitted at least ten years ago. One of the last set appeared, to my amusement and consternation, in this year's July issue. Mac's standards of judgement where poetry is concerned, and his enmity to pretention and artifice, have remained so constant over the years that I shouldn't, I suppose, regard too seriously my mild embarrassment on reading this long-forgotten piece. I certainly

EARLY IN JULY THE VOA JAZZ HOUR FEATURED HISTORIC CHARLIE PARKER SESSIONS FOR A WEEK. ON TWO NIGHTS WHEN SAVOY RECORDINGS WERE PLAYED I LISTENED WITH SOME DISMAY. THERE WAS SOMETHING LACKLUSTRE ABOUT THE MUSIC: IT WAS — HOW TO SAY — FAMILIAR YET UNFAMILIAR. I STARTED TO PLAY MY REALM VERSION SIMULTANEOUSLY WITH THE RADIO, AND WAS ALARMED TO FIND THAT THEY CAME THROUGH ALMOST HALF-A-TONE HIGHER IN KEY. THERE IS NOTHING WRONG WITH MY RECORD-PLAYER. SO WHAT? WERE THE VOA DISCS OR TAPES RUNNING SLOW? OR — UNSETTLING THOUGHT — HAVE THE REALM VERSIONS BEEN 'BRIGHTENED UP' OR ACCELERATED FOR ECONOMY'S SAKE? I FAVOUR THE FORMER ALTERNATIVE, BECAUSE THE BROADCAST COPIES DID SOUND RATHER DULL. (IT'S AMAZING WHAT A DIFFERENCE A SMALL INTERVAL'S VARIATION MAKES IN TERMS OF MUSICAL VERVE.) BUT THE TROUBLING QUESTION REMAINS.

Ronald Atkins bids a Ray Charles reissue welcome largely, I gather, because of Charles's ability to communicate with his audience. Elvis, Tiny Tim... Gracie... how I have wronged you! Atkins calls Charles's singing unsentimental. Well...yes, when he's shouting and screaming; but have you ever noticed who he sounds like in the slow, quiet, confidential bits? To my astute ear it's L.B.J. at his most piously lugubrious... So old crotch-scratchin' Lyndon had Soul?

INCIDENTALS

Bley, would be played without pause. He wasn't sure what all of these would be, or in what sequence they would be performed. He'd tell us later. He didn't. . . but not to worry. The titles didn't matter; the music was all satisfying, varied, extremely challenging, and occasionally superb. A fairly large audience, predominantly young, heard this remarkable marathon with appreciation. As with Mingus, Russell, Coltrane, Coleman and Ayler, Surman's music seldom moves so far out that the links with 'older' jazz modes are broken. For example, if one did not already know that Surman and his friends listen appreciatively to the records of 'mid-period' bands, one could almost guess it from certain passages. The changes of theme and expression were traversed with a brilliant combination of freedom and intuitive group thinking. Fresh themes were apparently picked up in much the same way as the old jam-sessioners used to pick up riffs. This kind of latitude would be difficult, if not impossible, for a group the size of Westbrook's but the idea of unbroken passage from one theme to another probably bespeaks Westbrook influence. On baritone and soprano saxes, Surman's inspiration never flagged. There were long moments of sheer jazz excitement which little in my listening experience has transcended. Osborne, Miller, and Jackson are, all three, substantial performers. John Surman is a giant. I hope he won't waver musically, or emigrate physically.

was a lover of the handy alliteration in those days. The Anglo-Saxon in me?

Truth to tell, 'The Cool Girls' was a nostalgic sort of poem even when it was written. Who remembers June Christy and Chris Connor as being anything more than fleeting phenomena in a not particularly rich period? Trying to recall the mood in which I wrote, I realize with some alarm that I actually had a sneaking affection for those 'Cool Girls'. Maybe it was largely pity . . . Whatever happened to them? We still have Anita O'Day as a survivor of that odd era. And... there's another one...Used to sing with Les Brown...I've got it! Doris Day! R-e-a-l cool!

'I wanted Sonny Stitt with those nine pieces, but Sonny was working someplace, and Gerry said get Lee because he has a light sound too. And Gerry was playing his baritone — in fact, I didn't expect him to play. I didn't know Gerry until I went down to Gil's house and he was there.' (Miles Davis in an interview with Leonard Feather some years ago.)

It is amusing to speculate, twenty years after the event, as to what difference the inclusion of Stitt, instead of Konitz, would have made to Davis's famous nine-piece orchestra. 'He has a light sound too...' But listen to Stitt's recordings from that very period, and it will surely appear that, in sound and vocabulary, he was an entirely different musician from Konitz. I won't enter into the controversy as to whether Stitt was a Parker copyist, but, given the obvious likenesses of musical language, the one noticeable contrast is in the matter of tone. Even on alto, Stitt's sound was less astringent than Bird's. In any case, his best-known recordings from the time when Davis's nonet recorded feature him on tenor, and on

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that instrument his tone is very round and energetic. Though I regard his sets with Bud Powell, Curley Russell, and Max Roach (Dec. '49 and Jan '50) as two of the greatest sessions from the late bop period, I can't help feeling that Stitt's calm facility and unvarying timbre sometimes contrast rather uncomfortably with Powell's tense, brittle phrasing. On the same LP (XTRA 5015) are included five tracks which provide an interesting comparison with the Davis sessions, especially in view of Davis's claim to have wanted Sonny. These tracks were recorded on October 17 1949, nine months after the first Davis Capitol date, six months after the second, and five months before the third. All the musicians involved, with the exception of Stitt, were present on one or more of the Davis recordings. They were J.J. Johnson, John Lewis, Nelson Boyd, and Max Roach. The music has little obvious relation to the experimental sounds of the Davis group. Much of it is rather tired bop, adorned (if that is the word) by riffs and quotations that had long become commonplace. (Stitt even trots out Parker's beloved *Kerry Dances* quote during the first take of *Blue Mode!*) Johnson runs through most of his favourite lines, and John Lewis demonstrates the minor-league pianistic status which he has steadfastly maintained ever since. The liveliest contributor is Stitt, and, if anything is clear, it is simply that if Davis had 'got him' he could have dominated the solo rota on the Capitol performances in a way that would have affected the stylistic balance quite radically.

Wisdom after the event is easy, but it seems hard to deny that Lee Konitz's attenuated tone and spidery lines are far more 'right' for the Davis-Mulligan-Evans concept. The same might be said for Mulligan's solo sound; but a couple of recordings of Stitt playing baritone in 1951 (on Esquire EP191), while they don't exactly present Sonny as a likely substitute for Gerry on the Capitals, do make the latter's efforts, sound even more constipated than one had originally thought them.

Come to think of it...if Miles was surprised at Mulligan's participation on baritone, who *did* he expect to play? ERIC THACKER

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§ Blues and Gospel Records 1902-1942

I FEEL A short piece on the criticism regarding the microgroove supplement in *Blues & Gospel Records 1902-1942* might explain the position as we see it. Our reasons for handling the problem of the rapidly increasing number of such issues in the way we did were twofold — one that the 78 era is past and therefore one can *aim at a definitive listing as far as these records are concerned*, secondly we are concerned that the work should remain in print and if microgroove issues were included in the normal text it would mean a complete recasting of the text with each new printing to keep things up to date. For those readers who are unfamiliar with the litho process I would explain that this involves the photography of artwork from which printing plates are prepared as opposed to the setting of type. Thus by removing the flood of microgroove issues into a separate section we can reasonably expect to keep the bulk of the book up to date and are only faced with the recasting of this one section. There is indeed a possibility that the microgroove section may appear as a separate publication at yearly intervals if someone can be found who is willing to cope with it, and I would be pleased to hear from anyone so interested.

LAURIE WRIGHT, STORYVILLE PUBLICATIONS, London, E.17.

§ Traditions

ONE HESITATES to write a letter to *Jazz Monthly* even to correct a grammatical error in anything written by Max Harrison. He has a tendency to devote literally pages of subsequent *Jazz Monthlies* to denigrating critics — viz. his treatment of Messrs. Burke and Coombe. However while looking forward to the book that Mr. Harrison will devote to proving me a complete buffoon (subsequent critics will probably be treated to a set of encyclopaedias on the errors of their ways) I would suggest that he first deals with the lucid and trenchant criticism of his contribution to February's *Jazz Monthly* that Mr. Schonfield made in his letter to the March edition, before dealing with any points that I have to make.

My criticisms are concerned with the general tenor of Mr. Harrison's reply to Mr. Coombes in the August edition of *Jazz Monthly*. The nature of the aspect that I am concerned with is best represented by this quotation from the article:

"rigorous analyses of key Bartok scores . . . will uncover a richness and complexity of structure which...has no parallel in Taylor's or any other jazz. Form and content, technique and expression, style and idea being inseparable, this structural richness articulates a depth of meaning only matched by the music of equally long, or longer, established traditions, such as that of India."

Perhaps the first point to be dealt with is Mr. Harrison's apparent contention that because a musical tradition "can be traced back over something like 1000 years" it is superior to a musical tradition of less than 100 years. For someone attempting to make qualitative assessments of different musical traditions this is quite ludicrous. One might just as well suggest that European folk music must be superior to European art music because as well as a similar length of musical tradition they have involved more people, for if the number of years becomes a factor in the quality of a music why not the number of people?

However, more important is Mr. Harrison's idea that the European art music tradition has produced figures of greater "creative stature" and generally better music than the jazz music tradition. This is of course quite valid as an opinion. The trouble is that Mr. Harrison insists on portraying it as an indisputable truth (thus if one is musical and informed one must concede that jazz has not yet produced figures remotely comparable to Bach, Mozart or Beethoven).

Now Mr. Harrison has contributed some most succinct articles to the new edition of *Jazz On Record*. In his piece on Ornette Coleman he refers to George Russell's point that jazz being basically a linear, non-harmonic music, may only come into its own when it has ceased to be based on recurring harmonic patterns. This particular insight is, I think, very important and, without anything else, suggests some differences of musical tradition which may make comparisons invidious.

READERS' LETTERS

Equally, relevant are Miles Kington's two excellent, thought-provoking articles in *Jazz Journal* (March/April 1967), which as a parallel to Russell's idea, suggested that "jazz being essentially a non-structural music, has only now reached the stage where it can afford to throw off the support of the recurring formal pattern". Once again, this suggests differences (and in fact Mr. Kington in his article suggests quite profound differences — i.e. in the manner of listening to music — the perpetual present) between the traditions of jazz and European art music. Relating to Mr. Harrison's article it is hardly likely that one will ever find the "richness and complexity of structure" in jazz that Bartok's music provides if, in the musical terminology of the European tradition, jazz is essentially a non-structural as well as linear, non-harmonic music.

Several other writers have drawn our attention to aspects of jazz that may well invalidate its comparison with other musics.

○ ALL THESE ABOVE references indicate, I believe, a growing awareness of the differences between the traditions of jazz and European art music, differences of far more relevance than a 900 year pedigree, and differences that suggest that the application of our traditional European notions of what is great, good, indifferent and bad music to jazz, will always result in the jazz tradition being placed in the indifferent to bad section if it lasted for a 1000 years. Thus I find Mr. Harrison's idea that comparing the European and jazz traditions "is like setting a child of four against a mature man of forty at the height of his powers" quite absurd. Not only is it a patently useless simile anyway (there are plenty of people whose view of the corrupting influence of many of today's human societies would lead them to argue that the child of four is "better"; there is also the point that what for some people is "maturity" is accounted "immaturity" by others) but it is also inappropriate. It is based on the notion that jazz has a certain number of qualities that European music once possessed three years after the Norman Conquest, and that the latter now possesses a myriad of other qualities that it has obtained during the intervening 900 years. (The human analogy also suggests of course that Bartok is better than Beethoven is better than Bach — I am sure some people would dispute that!.) What Mr. Harrison should be saying is that by using the criteria by which he judges all musical forms, the achievements of European art-music and other 'classical' musical traditions which have been ongoing for many years are superior to the achievements of jazz, and I suppose by implication, any other folk music which has not got such an ancient tradition. This is quite acceptable of course and Don Locke in a series of articles in *Jazz Monthly* (April/May/November 1963) suggested that to think of jazz rhythm in the terminology of the European tradition — i.e. a metre or time signature — may be not only inappropriate but positively misleading. Also of relevance are Francis Newton's arguments in *The Jazz Scene* for regarding jazz as a folk-music in contradistinction to the art-music of Europe, and Charles Fox's point that jazz is basically an art of performance.

Finally, comments by two prominent British jazz musicians can be mentioned. In *Jazz Journal* (May 1967) Graham Collier talks of the irreconcilable nature of straight writing and jazz playing; and in *Jazz Monthly* (May 1969) Howard Riley queries whether "it is too much to ask that both cultures (Afro-American and European) be recognized as having a different yet worthwhile validity?". Later in his article Riley says that in comparing musicians working in the jazz and European art music traditions... "one isn't 'superior' to the other, they're just different".

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anyone else could equally well come along and say that by the criteria by which they would judge all music the achievements of jazz and other folk musics far outweigh the miniscule attainments of European art-music and other "classical traditions", many of which have been artificially preserved by the particular distribution of wealth and income within various countries.

As Mr. Harrison says 'so why do jazz fans believe themselves superior to pop fans?'. Obviously someone could equally well say that by their criteria for judging music the achievements of what is loosely termed pop music far outweigh the achievements of jazz music and the musics of the European art and folk traditions. One could argue with him, submit him to hours of Bartok's "Cantata Profana" or Ornette Coleman, and there is no reason to believe he will automatically change his view. Unfortunately for all those who want to give Bach ten out of ten and the Beatles minus one hundred, no one has yet discovered any absolute truths by which we might assess all music (although of course various musical traditions have within them the basis for the evaluation of works within various traditions — for instance the richness and complexity that Mr. Harrison speaks of). For those who doubt the value of cultural relativism and the dangers of ethno-centricity I refer them to something known as "the convergence thesis" when American sociologists proposed the idea that the advanced industrialised nations were all becoming more similar, the ultimate convergence being on something closely resembling "the American Dream"!!! There is no evidence to suggest that the jazzmen of the 21st Century will bear much relationship to Bartok either! I would personally prefer to say, like Howard Riley, that one isn't superior to the other, they are just different (although I must admit that when it comes to "Desert Island Discs" Tatum comes before my Beethoven sonatas). Unless we've had the Second Coming in the form of Mr. Harrison, I'm afraid it's really all relative at present.

IAN KENDALL, London, N.W.5.

⌘ Sixteen Men Stone Dead — A Comment

SOME comments on "Sixteen Men Stone Dead" by Jack Cooke (*J.M.* September 1969).

At the beginning of the article Mr. Cooke writes of the *failure* of the conventional big band; what *sort* of failure is he discussing? Obviously conventional big bands have, for the most part, failed economically; and few would argue with the assertion that they have mostly failed creatively. These two failures are quite clearly interrelated — but I don't think it's quibbling to suggest that its important that they be distinguished.

Indeed Mr. Cooke might well have taken as his subject the failure of most of the impermanent, occasional big bands (i.e. those which to some extent put aside the economic strictures on band policy) to produce much more than faded photographs of the past or souped-up mood music.

Mr. Cooke states, apropos the view that conventional big bands merely inflated the "standard" New Orleans front line, "... the character of the instruments concerned dictated the character of the N.O. ensemble in the first place, and, their characters not altering..." Surely this is an unconscious exposition of a major contributory factor to the failure of conventional big bands: the assumption that instruments don't and can't change their character seems to lie behind much big band writing. Yet its an essential part of jazz musical thinking that musical instruments are extremely flexible, that they *can* change their characters; that the character of an instrument is largely what the musician chooses to make it. It's a failure of big bands that perhaps only Ellington has consistently acknowledged this fundamental jazz tenet in his ensemble writing.

A large percentage, perhaps a majority, of *Jazz Monthly* readers will agree with Mr. Cooke in his view that the current Basie, Herman, and Rich bands are merely wax museums: but Mr. Cooke also includes Ellington in the same category — a view that seems unlikely to find much support. Of course he has the right to his opinions, but when they so widely diverge from orthodoxy, I think he might explain a little more fully.

Lastly: an obvious question that I don't think Mr. Cooke has begun to tackle: when is a big band a big band? Are the larger Mingus groups big bands? was the "Ascension" ensemble a big band?

mightn't we regard the Coleman/Dolphie double quintet as a small big band? mightn't we regard a lot of conventional big bands as merely loud small bands? These aren't trivial questions; if we answer them affirmatively the nature of the discussion must surely change. Once the conventional part of the conventional big band is abandoned the term "big band", as well as the concept, becomes redundant — just as in a parallel way in much 20th century European music it has become musically meaningless to talk of full orchestras and chamber ensembles as essentially different things. That is, the internal scale of the music is of more consequence than the number of performers involved.

But for large jazz ensembles future directions seem to have already been pointed to: (1) the "Ascension" direction (limited — but perhaps less so than might seem) (2) the double, or triple, or quadruple quintet/quartet/sextet etc. direction (related to Stockhausen's "Gruppen": perhaps even glimpsed in that ridiculous and magnificent collision between the Olympia, Onward, Congo Square, and Young Tuxedo New Orleans marching bands at the New Orleans festival, broadcast recently on V.O.A.), and (3) a direction stemming from Sun Ra (when he's not doing the "Ascension" thing) and Cecil Taylor's recent Blue Note recordings (admittedly a small ensemble — but music of a very large internal scale).

These three (there are certainly more), the last two clearly European derived to some extent and consequently suitable for more complex compositional techniques than we've been used to in jazz, would seem to hold out the possibility of jazz no longer being schizmotised into small guerilla groups and large staid regiments of toy soldiers.

RICHARD RUSH, Bexleyheath, Kent.



Black Art

RE THE Sunny Murray Jihad lp and "Black Art", you may be interested in the following extracts:

1) Down Beat Yearbook, *Music '66*, p.111:

Roland Kirk: There are musicians who have told the clubowners don't hire me because I'm a showman. Also friends that you know. LeRoi Jones for one.

Archie Shepp: Oh, yeah, he did that

Sunny Murray: It's over for him, Roland.

2) John Tchicai, who took part in the session that produced LeRoi Jones 'Black Dada Nihilismus', said recently (1968) in a *Melody Maker* interview: "I have not yet decided how I should address myself to people on such things as racial prejudice. For the moment it's just music."

3) *Coda* July, 1967, p.3:

Elizabeth van der Mei: What about the civil rights situation in this country?

Pharoah Sanders: It's not about race . . . it's about music. I really don't know too well what is happening there. This thing has to be solved on a personal level but for that we will need all the strength we have etc.

I think those extracts effectively refute any attempts to generalize about the political and social views of young musicians in the way that Patrick Burke recently tried — unless he wishes to give John Tchicai's for him. I also think the first two extracts show that it is not safe to assume that, because a musician performs on a recording session with a person who expresses definite political views, he necessarily shares those views.

Obviously there must be some musicians who share LeRoi Jones's views, but there are many capable of demanding freedom and dignity and of fighting for it without asking for "dagger poems in the slimy bellies of the owner Jews". Again in *Coda*, September, 1968, answering a question about his political views, Robin Kenyatta said: "The black political structure that I would like to see would be for black people all over the world . . . would be for people, for humanity. Right now it might seem only for black people because that's the level it's on now." He also said "European audiences are more receptive to jazz because Europe hasn't had the history that America has had with black people . . . a history full of problems. To some Americans, jazz represents those problems, and they refuse to recognise that the black man in jazz has a cultural contribution to make. The Europeans can just listen and dig it for what it is."

It seems to me that in comparison with the position taken by musicians in the late '50s many important musicians — there are obvious exceptions — seem to be less artistically concerned with the civil rights/race question than contemporary black writers — or at least more reticent in explaining such views. Frank Kofsky, presently engaged on "Research for a volume on the relationship between the New Jazz and Black Nationalism" and apparently unaware of the irony of his position, writes in the sleeve-notes to Albert Ayler's 'Love Cry': "Speak to Albert, and you will learn first-hand of his abiding concern with the folk, or universal aspects of his music; 'Because the spiritual forces are uniting through the folk . . . I really meditate on the universal thoughts. I can't be restricted to an earthly plane, even though like I was born here and everything.' "Again, rather ironically, Patrick Burke has promised us an essay on the mystical universalist beliefs (as opposed to LeRoi Jones-type views) shared by such vital musicians as Sun Ra, Ayler Coltrane and Sanders. I don't want to stretch the point too far, but I think a division between musicians and writers on attitudes to life and politics and the role of art exists in the western world in general and may have something to do with the cultural evolution of these two media—perhaps someone would like to expand on that vague statement. The purpose of this generalizing is to point out that, in my opinion, "Revolutionary Black Nationalism" a la LeRoi Jones, has been foisted onto contemporary jazz by people who are doubtless sympathetic to the music, but have misrepresented the views of several artists. Perhaps we can now get on with "digging it for what it is". And perhaps Mr. Burke's essay will help us towards an understanding of the philosophic beliefs of these musicians, just as Max Harrison's analogies with American composers following Cage, and Don Heckman's analogies with American painting, have added to our understanding of the aesthetic bases of their music.

MIKE HAMES, Beaconsfield, Bucks.

RECITALS

Gloucester

THE Gloucester Jazz Society meets on alternate Wednesdays from 7.15 to 9.30 p.m. at the Wheatstone Hall, Brunswick Road, Gloucester. The recitals for the remainder of this year are as follows:

November 5 'Jazz in Perspective' — Swing and Bebop by Charles Fox

19 'Jazz in Perspective' — Modern Jazz and After

December 3 New Orleans — A Personal View by Bill Collyer

17 The Parlophone Classic Jazz LP Catalogue by Chris Ellis

The lecture/recitals by Charles Fox are part of a series of four, the two previous ones having been given during October.

Wednesfield

UNDER the title 'Thirty Years of Modern Jazz', Andrew Ogden, N.D.D., A.T.D., is conducting ten meetings at Wards Bridge High School, Lichfield Road, Wednesfield, Staffs, the course being sponsored by the Wolverhampton branch of the Workers Educational Association. The series commenced on Tuesday, October 7th and will run through on successive Tuesdays until December. Meetings commence at 7.30 p.m. and the fee for the course is 30/-. Further details may be obtained from Miss Joan Green, Hon. Branch Secretary of the Wolverhampton branch of the W.E.A. at 19 Graiseley Court, Graiseley Estate, Wolverhampton ('phone 90 20121).

Glasgow

ON SUNDAY November 9th Albert McCarthy will be giving a recital on Territory Bands to the Glasgow Jazz Record Society, the time of the meeting being 2.30 to 5.30 p.m. Full information can be obtained from Mr. Ernie Speirs, 14 Glen-dee Road, Renfrew, Scotland

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